

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1931

No. 3434

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

MAYOR WALKER'S REPLY to the charges of the City Affairs Committee is generally agreed to be an able document, and skilful in its marshaling of detailed facts in answer to the specific criticisms of his administration. The Mayor's lamentable personal attacks on Messrs. Holmes, Wise, and Thomas and his charge that the City Affairs Committee is simply an annex of the Socialist Party will not deceive that great number of New Yorkers fortunate enough to be acquainted with the men attacked and to know the single-heartedness with which the committee has pursued its thankless civic task. The Governor has thus far given no intimation whatever as to what he will do with the charges, but in any case the situation has been greatly changed by the passage of the legislative resolution for a city-wide inquiry, and the City Affairs Committee deserves the thanks of all self-respecting New Yorkers for what it has done in helping crystallize public sentiment in behalf of a thorough investigation and an honest and efficient administration of city business. Even the Mayor himself at last seems to recognize that his task calls for hard work as well as agreeable manners and political skill.

SECRETARY DOAK has announced the Hoover substitute for employment exchanges. There is to be a federal employment bureau in every State "on a basis which

will afford every opportunity of placing employees in contact with jobs"—which is just nonsense. Senator Wagner's bill, vetoed by the President, provided \$1,500,000 the first year and \$4,000,000 a year during the next three, to be matched by like sums from the States and expended by the latter in cooperation with the federal Department of Labor. Instead, Mr. Doak has \$785,000. His first move is to appoint forty-nine State directors and fifteen general officers in Washington who, of course, will "coordinate" all employment work. These sixty-four positions, if they paid \$4,000 apiece—certainly not an exorbitant salary for a responsible position—would exhaust a third of the appropriation before a payment was made for office rent, clerical help, field forces, or other expenditures necessary really to do anything useful for the unemployed. We have had no opportunity to check up the list of appointees; at first glance we do not note the name of a single well-known student of employment problems. One Administration objection to the Wagner bill was that the exchange officials would be locally appointed without Washington control. That objection is here completely obviated. Mr. Doak can appoint whom he pleases, at what salary he pleases, without the inconvenience of civil-service interference. It appears to be a direct method of providing employment and so relieving the crisis. There seems to be no length to which the Administration is unprepared to go in preventing anything effective from being done toward a scientific organization of the labor market.

LEGAL LAWLESSNESS is hard hit in the report made to the Wickersham Commission by Reuben Oppenheimer, who has been studying for that body the enforcement of the immigration and deportation laws. We have protested what we conceived to be abuses existing in the practice of both the State Department and the Labor Department in these particulars, and our position is fully sustained by Mr. Oppenheimer's report, which, it is declared, has caused no little stir in Administration circles. Mr. Oppenheimer questions, just as we have done, the interpretation of the "public-charge" clause under which consular officers at the President's direction have since last autumn refused visas to 100,000 would-be immigrants normally admissible. He declares that many aliens have been deported unlawfully in violation of their constitutional rights, suffering illegal search and seizure, violation of personal rights, and arrest without warrant. He recommends the establishment of an independent judicial body to which the alien could appeal against the arbitrary decision of immigration authorities. The administration of the immigration and deportation laws is a difficult and hateful job at best. Those responsible for their enforcement should specially remember that the more helpless the persons subject to the operation of any law, the more zealously should their rights be safeguarded. When an alien is not without influential friends, as was the case with Miss Ella Young, who was finally admitted after having been threatened with exclusion on the ground that she might become a public charge, it makes the helpless ones seem all the more unfortunate.

DR. ROBERT R. KUCZYNSKI of Brookings Institution, one of the ablest vital statisticians in the world, has several things to say about our population that are worth pondering. First, although the number of births still exceeds annually the number of deaths, we may look forward in as little as a decade to a decreasing population. Our restrictive immigration policy and our wholesale deportation of aliens throws the burden of population increase upon domestic production—and domestic production is not doing its duty. The chief difficulty, according to Dr. Kuczynski, is that American mothers are not giving birth to enough girls to reproduce themselves. In 1800 there was an average of three girls born to every woman in the country; in 1926 this figure had declined to 1.3, and it is still declining. So allowing for mortality during childhood and adolescence, and for childlessness, there are not enough girl children today to take the place of their mothers in the next generation. To a lesser degree the same tendency is observable in European countries also. Nor is Dr. Kuczynski consoled by the prospect of a declining population in the United States. Frivolous persons who live in cities and think there are too many persons in the world as it is will be disposed to rejoice at these figures. But, seriously, they mean something significant for the future of America. Large families and hospitable shores made us the power we are. We have now succeeded in covertly and overtly antagonizing most of our neighbors. What will happen to our plans for an American "empire" if our population begins markedly to decline?

IF GOVERNOR NORMAN of the Bank of England had any more important purpose in his recent visit to this country than to shake hands with the bankers and the members of the Federal Reserve Board and ask how things were going, or if his visit accomplished anything likely to mitigate the world depression, both purpose and accomplishment have been skilfully concealed. As far as the public knows, neither the Federal Reserve authorities nor the bankers have promised aid in any plan for a large international extension of credit, nor is there any reason to think that either the Young Plan or the war-debts settlement will soon be disturbed. The gold supply appears to be sufficient for world needs notwithstanding the egregious unevenness of its distribution, and the Administration has let it be known that it has no interest in any international action to raise or stabilize the price of silver. The most that Governor Norman could reasonably have expected, we think, is that he might be able to inspire some hopefulness in the Treasury Department and among the bankers regarding foreign loans in aid of trade revivals, and we doubt that he was able to do this. What with the reported turning back of the recent Morgan loan to Spain, the suspicion that the recent French loan to Rumania may turn out to benefit French munition-makers, and the possibility of a prolonged tariff controversy between Great Britain and France, it is not surprising that Washington and New York should hesitate.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB won his battle for proxies in the war over bonuses to Bethlehem Steel executives. Now if the court which has the matter under advisement will only be gracious, President Grace may continue to get his million-dollar "incentives" in years when he "earns" them. From 1918 to 1930 they averaged \$814,993 a year;

in 1929 it was twice that much, and even last year more than a million. Over the past twenty years the company has paid out more than \$35,000,000 in bonuses, most of it to half a dozen men. We can see little reason for the stockholders' clamor over the system and its alleged secrecy. It has been in operation ever since Mr. Schwab bought the company in 1901; it was fully described, with its results, in the annual report for 1916, and was approved by the stockholders. It seems a trifle late for them now to be discovering its existence. Mr. Schwab, who has never shared in the bonus payments, belongs to that older and more engaging type of business man who holds to the good old American theory that to the grabber belong the spoils. He has run Bethlehem on that principle, and the corporation's total "earnings," before interest, depreciation, and special reserves, have risen from less than \$4,000,000 in 1905 to more than \$67,000,000 in 1929. If the stockholders do not object to the grabbing system, we find it hard to get up much indignation over the bonus plan, which is part of it.

TWO HUNDRED CORPORATIONS control between 35 and 45 per cent of all our business wealth—excluding from business wealth that of government, agriculture, and the professions—according to an important study by Gardiner C. Means appearing in the *American Economic Review* for March. These large corporations, all of them with assets of more than \$85,000,000 and net income over \$4,500,000, had combined assets of more than \$67,000,000,000 in 1927. They control nearly half the corporate wealth of the country and dominate much more than half its industry. Moreover, during recent years they have been growing three times as fast as the 300,000 smaller corporations, and if the existing rate of growth is maintained, in twenty years they will own half of our entire national wealth. They have among them fewer than 2,000 directors. In the light of such facts, what becomes of that theory of rugged individualism on which President Hoover mistakenly tries to shape national policy? To quote Mr. Means:

A society in which production is governed by blind economic forces is being replaced by one in which production is carried on under the ultimate control of a handful of individuals. . . . Shall we then regard these men as seekers for private gain or as economic statesmen serving the commonweal?

THE RESPONSIBILITY of war debts and high tariffs for the present business depression is strikingly brought out in the report of the Committee on International Settlements and Economic Information of the International Chamber of Commerce recently made public in Washington, where the chamber will meet during May. The report points out that there is no general scarcity of gold, but that that metal is concentrated in France and the United States, the principal creditors of the world's "political" indebtedness. International obligations can be met only with gold, with goods, or by means of further borrowing. But tariffs obstruct the flow of goods, and borrowing, owing to the depression, has been sharply curtailed; hence pressure is put on gold, and the political debts, in addition to ordinary commercial obligations, have drained to France and the United States during the past two years all the available new gold and practically as much more drawn from the reserves of other countries.

So far as the causes of the depression are monetary, then, they are due chiefly to "international-debt obligations swollen by debts of political origin." Such causes are by no means exclusively responsible for the present desperate state of the world's business, but as this report indicates, the most important prior condition to a remedying of the general crisis is a clearing up of international debts, first, through a lowering of tariffs, thus making possible increased exports by debtors, and, second, through "a reduction of political debts."

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT triumphed again on April 16 when the House of Commons, by an unexpectedly large majority of fifty-four, rejected a Conservative motion censuring the Government for its course with unemployment. The majority was due, as usual, to the Liberals, thirty-five of whom voted with the Government against ten who sided with the Conservatives, but it was also noticeable that the left-wing radicals of the Labor Party, led by James Maxton, stood solidly with Prime Minister MacDonald. The expected arraignment of the Government by Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, turned out to be a good deal of a fizzle, as well it might when one remembers that Mr. Baldwin has no specific for unemployment except protection, and that to have mentioned protection would have been to alienate all the free-trade Liberals and deprive the motion of censure of the needed majority support. Mr. MacDonald's victory opened the way for the presentation of Mr. Snowden's budget, and if the budget is accepted there is a probability that the Labor Government will survive at least into the summer, when a report from a commission on unemployment insurance is due. The greatest cloud in the sky, aside from unemployment, is the ominous growth of protectionist sentiment in Great Britain, and the likelihood of prolonged tariff controversies with Continental countries because of the desire of Great Britain to secure a general reduction of duties.

EIGHT NEGRO BOYS, the youngest fourteen, the oldest not yet twenty-one, have just been tried and all but the youngest convicted and sentenced to death for rape in Scottsboro, Alabama. The alleged victims were two white girls, but only one of them was willing to identify the defendants in court, and her testimony was conflicting all the way through. One thousand militia were summoned to the town to maintain order; after the first two boys were pronounced guilty, a brass band and general celebration outside the courthouse indicated where the sympathies of the populace lay and doubtless was not without influence on the jury, which nevertheless could not agree to impose the death sentence on the fourteen-year-old boy. The alleged offense was said to have been committed on board a freight train; the girls were accompanied by seven white boys who, so the story goes, got into a fight with some seventeen or eighteen Negroes; the white boys were thrown off the train; about half of the Negroes soon followed. The remaining nine stayed on the train—a strong presumption of their innocence—and were arrested when they reached their destination, denying that they had any part in the fracas, and all but two of them testifying that they were not even present while it was going on. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been investigating the matter and is making every possible effort to appeal the case and secure

a new trial under more favorable circumstances. Scottsboro is priding itself on not having staged a lynching, although the threat of one hung like a thick fog over the legal proceeding from start to finish. And in place of a lynching we must be consoled by the spectacle of several boys under twenty sentenced to death on the unsupported testimony of a white girl who gives every evidence of irresponsibility.

SPILLING THE BEANS is ordinarily not a weakness of the leaders of Tammany Hall. But a lady did it the other day; a district leader named Miss Annie Matthews made a speech before the League of Women Voters that told all about how judges are chosen; and how bribes by prospective candidates for judgeships are never, never given; and how, after the judge is seated securely on the bench, with fourteen years of office at \$25,000 a year ahead of him, he would be a base caitiff, a—to quote Miss Matthews—"rotter" if he did not remember, by a substantial present, the district leader who recommended him for the nomination. Miss Matthews, of course, did not up and say right out that she or any of her coworkers had actually accepted such a "present." She stated a hypothetical case: "If you were a judge, would you not be a 'rotter,' etc." It is reported that Miss Matthews will in due time be carefully and thoroughly interrogated by Commissioner Seabury; and meanwhile one suspects that she has spent some anxious moments explaining her remarks to her immediate superiors. But what the Matthews incident shows is that women are still novices in politics. The Chinese, who have been engaged in political intrigue longer, perhaps, than any other nation, have learned perfectly the art of seeing everything and saying nothing. The sachems of Tammany likewise are adepts. Miss Matthews is right when she says that everybody knows or at least suspects that the district leader does not support himself by drawing his sustenance from the clouds; but she is on less firm ground when she says, "A present afterward is a very different thing from a bribe beforehand"; and when she confesses publicly both her political knowledge, which will alienate her friends, and her moral distinctions, which will alienate everyone else, she is slipping into quicksand.

JOSEPH LEBLANG, New York's cut-rate-theater-ticket man, has died leaving a fortune estimated at \$20,000,000, made in the sale of theater tickets and in real-estate operation. Mr. Leblang thirty years ago discovered and acted upon the very simple fact that some plays are worth more than others. (In the sense in which we here use the term, a play is "worth" the price, or rather prices, at which it is possible to fill the house. This may be fifty cents or twenty dollars.) Mr. Leblang accordingly took large blocks of tickets of the less successful shows and sold them at cut rates, thus making possible the continuation of some plays that could not have gone on at box-office prices. We hear ceaseless talk of the evils of ticket speculation and endless proposals for remedy. In fact, there is no fundamental remedy for those evils, such as they are, short of a recognition by the managers of the principle on which Mr. Leblang's fortune was based, a fixing of prices on the basis of what the play is actually worth as represented by demand in the market, and a box-office sale of seats at those prices. Otherwise ticket speculation will continue because the ticket speculator will continue to meet an economic need.

The Fall of a Dynasty

IN considering the fall of the last of the Bourbons, one's first impulse is to think of Alfonso in terms of what he lost—the Spanish crown. It was a crown that had been served by the fierce ambition of Jiménez de Cisneros, the genius of the Great Captain, the probity of General Prim, the brilliance of Cánovas del Castillo, and the devotion of Sánchez Guerra. It was a crown which had rested alike on the head of the wily Ferdinand of Aragon, of the restless Charles V, of the impossible Ferdinand VII—a varied and arresting line of rulers, occasionally stupid, occasionally great. And Alfonso carried that crown with the confident nonchalance befitting the son of those who had signed the decrees of empires with the curt and sufficient "I, the King."

But it was also a crown which had been dragged low at least twice in the hundred years preceding Alfonso's accession—once when Joseph Bonaparte sat on the Spanish throne while the legitimate king played billiards and knitted in a French château, and again in 1875 when a republic had been set up. As the twentieth century came on, and questions of titles, successions, and dynastic prestige gave way to questions of tariffs, overproduction, unemployment, and workers' insurance, monarchical Spain gradually recognized how difficult it is for tradition to deal with transition. In the last ten years of his reign Alfonso contributed to the fall of the monarchy in three ways: he lost the confidence of the country; he failed to recognize the economic basis of unrest; and when the crisis came, he hesitated.

The six-and-a-half-year tenure of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship created the impression abroad that Alfonso was really a clever politician. By countenancing the coup of September, 1923, he had avoided the impending reckoning. But this very evasion sowed suspicion among the Spanish people. The Moroccan campaign, which had culminated in the disaster of Annual, provoked a nation-wide demand for an investigation of the whole affair. The Picasso report was the result. Its contents were never published, but the rumor spread that Alfonso himself had had a hand in the Moroccan debacle. That the King, in all the years of the dictatorship, took no steps to clear himself of the charge was proof enough for his opponents of his insincerity. By suspending constitutional guaranties and by calling Primo de Rivera to power, the King interposed insurmountable obstacles between himself and his people. Again, in February of this year, when for a fleeting moment he appeared willing to intrust the government to the venerable Sánchez Guerra in response to popular demand, only to come out with a conservative Cabinet organized during the breathing spell, the impression deepened that the King was not playing according to rules. Alfonso alienated the affection of his people because he wounded what no Spaniard will endure injury to—*amor propio*.

From the time Primo de Rivera assumed control until the resignation of the Aznar Cabinet on April 14, it was clear that the economic problems of Spain were beyond the competence of its rulers. A belated and overrated program of public works was carried on under Primo; his successor,

Berenguer, did no better; the wealthy conservative ministers in Aznar's Cabinet resorted to personal gifts and bread lines. Meanwhile, the Guardia Civil continued to crush strikes while Cadiz, Seville, Barcelona, Bilbao, and Madrid filled with peasants and factory hands out of work.

This inability to solve the economic crisis was matched by the indecision displayed when the political crisis reached fever pitch last December. A monarch who had told his subjects that the crown belonged to his family, not to him, and that therefore he could not and would not give it up would be expected to march out at the head of his troops to sweep away the Republican barricades if he could. Rather than die by the sword, however, Alfonso negotiated, compromised, hesitated, groped. He could not part with strong men, so he called to his side Berenguer and Aznar, strong men with a pronounced dash of amiability. He was opposed to elections for a constituent Cortes, so he decided to approach them by the dangerous path of municipal and provincial elections. The Jaca rebels were set free or given light sentences; Niceto Alcalá Zamora shouted his taunts under the very nose of the monarch; students were flat-sabered and then permitted to have their own way; staff officers refused to obey orders from Madrid and were removed to a beneficent climate for disciplining. Strategy degenerated to tactics and energetic measures gave way to "a melange of subtlety and violence." The overwhelming Opposition victory at the polls on Sunday, April 12, caught the King and his government as the Prussian offensive in Alsace in 1870 had caught the French armies—with their spats on and their powder damp. Even then Alfonso hesitated—until the one-hour ultimatum of the exultant Republican-Socialist coalition made it clear that the only way out was to clear out.

The provisional government headed by Alcalá Zamora has at least one thing for which to thank Alfonso—he left the country at peace. The new government thus begins without the need of putting down civil war. But there are critical days ahead. The revolutionary government represents a coalition of Republicans, Socialists, and other left groups. Of these, the Socialists have the smoothest party machinery and the clearest program. The Republican leader, Alcalá Zamora, is Republican partly because of a grudge; and he is impulsive enough to alienate the Socialists on even minor issues. The coup of April 14 in no way alleviates economic conditions. The government can still stress the coming constituent Cortes; but hundreds of thousands of Spaniards stand in need of bread and shelter as well as guaranteed civil liberties. Foreign banking circles must be mollified after the pronouncement of the Republicans that they would nullify the \$60,000,000 credit of last March, negotiated by the Aznar Government to stabilize the peseta. There still remain the small but active groups of intransigents—Communists, clericals, militarists of the old school, monarchists, the Catalan separatists. The Republicans would do well to remember the advice of the good Abbé Coignard and not base too vast a hope on the fall of a prince.

Can the Leaders Lead?

SENATOR COUZENS addresses some pointed questions to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, meeting at Atlantic City on April 28. He waxes a trifle ironic at the idea that business men can reasonably ask government to leave everything to them, and asks, in view of recent Treasury figures, whether business men approve of "the present trend of accumulation of property in the hands of the few." Then, after inquiring whether they advise the people to pledge their future income through instalment buying to such an extent as to become "almost economic slaves," he challenges our business leaders to see to it that there is brought about a proper division of earnings between labor and capital. But most pointedly of all, in view of the immediate situation, he declares that "it now rests with these leading business men to solve the problem of stabilization of industry and maintenance of continuous employment"—no small order—or else, he asserts, they must expect legislation compelling business to change its methods, because the patience of the public, he believes, is exhausted.

Are such demands reasonable? We believe they are, and we believe that both business men and other leaders of American life will do well to give serious thought to their significance; for it does not lie wholly on the surface. We have largely mastered the problem of production. In a country like the United States, with productive power rapidly growing, we already produce enough so that it is possible for all men to have reasonable food, shelter, clothing, and other necessities and conveniences of life, and to enjoy reasonable security. Men in this country no longer go hungry and cold and troubled for the morrow because our society lacks the power to produce the wealth by which we all must live. Poverty and insecurity are no longer unavoidable; yet we still have poverty, and insecurity is perhaps greater than ever before. Further, these two curses are not the fault of those who suffer from them, but they result from bad distribution of income and the want of social arrangements to make our social resources available in such a way as to meet the elementary needs of all men. It is the contention of Senator Couzens, and we agree with him, that the rank and file of honest, hard-working people will not indefinitely put up with such a state of affairs, and that our business leaders, if they are to retain their present power or anything approaching it, have got to make their system provide a reasonable and assured income for all people willing to do their share of work. If our leaders cannot or will not do that, then, as Senator Couzens suggests, their power will be taken from them, and ought to be taken from them, for these are only reasonable demands that people are making of our economic system. Let our business men, then, hasten to answer these pressing questions: How are you going to redress our present disastrous inequality of income and property ownership? How are you going to insure an adequate income to every industrious citizen? How are you going to care for people unemployed through no fault of their own? And how are you going to stabilize industry and prevent unemployment in future? If business leaders cannot answer these questions, they have no right any longer to maintain their position as rulers of our society. They cannot complain

if government takes hold, as the Michigan Senator warns them is inevitable.

But what can government do? By changes in the laws of property, inheritance, and taxation, and by the expenditure on social services of funds raised by heavy taxation, it can change markedly the existing distribution of income. By unemployment insurance on a comprehensive scale it can do something to overcome the worst distresses of unemployment. This much we see. But when it comes to insuring a steady income to all workers by stabilizing industry, we have not yet got beyond words. It is agreed that there must be national planning—but how is any government in the world, short of one which actually determines the whole economic life in detail, going to see that such planning is carried out? Soviet Russia, with complete control over all the agencies of production, and with power to say to consumers what they may and may not have, does actually manage a system of "planned production." But are Americans willing to pay anything approaching the Russian price for such a system? And if not, is there any means whereby a national planning system can be made much more than a form of words? Can we stabilize industry and insure regularity and security of income by anything short of the iron discipline of communism? Such is the question ultimately raised by Senator Couzens in his challenge to our business men. He expresses the fear of "bankruptcy of ideas and plans" on the part of business to prevent a recurrence of present conditions, and a consequent inescapable pressure for government action; but he makes no concrete suggestion of the form that such action could take with any reasonable promise of success. The time calls for the best thinking that the Western world can do.

Americans in Nicaragua

AN obvious effort is being made in some quarters to make it appear that Mr. Hoover, in announcing through Secretary Stimson that the United States cannot undertake to afford military protection to Americans in the interior of Nicaragua who may be in danger from Sandino's operations, but that such persons should withdraw to the coast towns where the American navy can look after them, has served notice that the American government proposes to abandon Americans in Nicaragua to their fate. There is no substance to this contention, as a reading of Mr. Stimson's announcements shows. The United States is not abandoning anybody. What it has done is to call a halt in a course which should never have been entered upon and which has worked mischief wherever it has been followed, and to adopt a new policy which, if it is consistently adhered to, will open a new era in the relations between the United States and Latin America.

When Mr. Coolidge, in his speech before members of the United Press at New York on August 25, 1927, declared that "the person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the nation, even when abroad," he promulgated a doctrine which not only is unwarranted by international law, but which also involves in its application precisely the kind of interference in the affairs of other nations which has long been a blot on our Latin American

policy. Whatever the usefulness of the Monroe Doctrine in protecting the Latin American states from European interference, it ceased to be useful and became an impertinence when it was invoked to justify the armed intervention of the United States whenever and wherever Americans or their property were jeopardized by local disturbances. It put the United States in the position of backing, forcibly if the Administration so chose, every investment of American capital in Latin America and every American citizen who elected to reside in a Latin American country, irrespective of the nature of the controversy in which such persons or their property became entangled or of the ability and purpose of the state in question to extend to American nationals the same protection that it extended to its own.

The reappearance of Sandino and his followers has given the Administration an opportunity to drop the policy to which Mr. Coolidge presumed to give the sanctity of international law. In 1926, when the American authorities established neutral zones for the protection of noncombatants, there were, as Mr. Stimson points out, two armies in the field, each of which professed, at least, to observe the recognized rules of war. The present outbreak, as viewed by the Department of State, is banditry pure and simple, with murder and plunder as its familiar incidents; and banditry, too, in regions sparsely settled and extremely difficult of access. The proper authority to deal with such lawlessness, the Administration now holds, is the Nicaraguan constabulary—a force of upwards of 2,000 trained men.

Under such circumstances it is manifestly impossible for the United States, without deliberately usurping the authority of the Nicaraguan government and thereby bringing it into contempt, to undertake the protection of imperiled Americans wherever they may happen to be. No one would expect it to attempt such a task in any European country, and it has no business to attempt it in Nicaragua. It has done its whole duty when it has warned its citizens to withdraw from dangerous areas to coast towns where the American navy can, if need be, assure their safety.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson merit hearty praise for what they have done and a cordial recognition of their courage in doing it. It was time that American bankers were taught that American warships must not be expected to trail American loans, and that American business men were made to understand that their mines, plantations, and factories in foreign countries are entitled to such protection only as those countries are prepared to give. To accredit an American Minister to Nicaragua, receive an accredited Minister from there, and then treat the country as if it had neither mind, will, nor power of its own and send marines on their travels whenever internal disorder breaks out, is an international farce that should never have been staged. We are glad that the marines are to be withdrawn notwithstanding the renewed activities of Sandino, and that Nicaragua is to be left to restore order as best it may. The announcement now made that Americans who persist in courting murder or plunder do so at their own risk is another long step in the right direction. It is earnestly to be hoped that neither the clamor of business and financial interests, nor the outcries of politicians, nor the conjured specters of diplomatic complications will turn the Administration in the slightest from its course.

Money Measures All

IN New York City there are 140,000 people ill every day and at least 70,000 are continuously ill from chronic disease. So calculates the director of the New York Academy of Medicine. "It is a fair estimate," he continues, "that these 70,000 persons could earn \$150,000 a day if they were in good health, and that if they worked 300 days of the year they would earn \$45,000,000." As it must cost at least \$2 a day to care for each invalid, the total loss "amounts to very close to \$100,000,000 a year."

We quote these monetary calculations not to contradict them but to wonder why it was thought necessary to make them, to lay such emphasis upon them. The impression they leave, whether the director intended it or not, is that if there were merely 70,000 people in New York chronically ill nobody would bother to think about it, but that when one points to a loss of \$100,000,000 a year on this account, the rest of us will begin to sit up and take notice.

As an isolated calculation this would perhaps not be worth remarking upon, but it appears to be merely another revelation of a point of view that is becoming more widespread every year. Living conditions in all our great cities become more and more depressing as the hopeless traffic jam increases. But you cannot get your typical statistician to see that this is an evil in itself, expressible directly in terms of misspent time—whether during leisure or business hours—missed appointments, irritations, headaches, frayed nerves. Before we can appreciate that it is an evil worth stopping, apparently, we must be shown that the traffic jam is costing us so and so many hundred millions a year. Are our cities full of hideous noises, making impossible any genuinely humane life? Then let us prove that noise is really an evil because it reduces our industrial efficiency by 11.6 per cent.

What lies behind all this is the assumption that all human misery and welfare can be reduced to monetary terms—indeed, even that the monetary gain or loss is the good or evil. But suppose New York's annual \$100,000,000 loss through sickness were made up by a snowstorm of \$100,000,000 from heaven; would this be considered complete compensation by, for example, pneumonia patients? When the sick died, might not a monetary calculation be obliged to treat the death—aside from the funeral expenses—as a gain, because the monetary loss through illness would no longer have to be calculated? The calculation, indeed, seems dubious even from its own standpoint, for it hardly seems to take into account that if there were no illness all the doctors and nurses would be out of jobs, and the capital cost of hospitals would have to be written off. The calculation might imply, finally, that chronic illness is less of an evil than vacations and holidays, for the loss through illness is not so great as the "loss" resulting from the fact that most of us do not work on at least sixty-five days out of the year.

Nothing could do more to give point to the common criticism of present-day America as a complete worshiper of Mammon than the constant flood of statistics assuming that final human and social costs can be expressed in dollars and cents—that health itself exists merely to make us efficient for our real business here below of ceaseless and of course lucrative production.

What I Believe*

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE answer to such a question as What do you believe? is generally expected to consist of two parts: the first explaining one's views as to the nature of the world, the second one's opinions as to how human life should be conducted. The man who invents some fallacious and fantastic argument to show that since the world is such and such, conduct ought to be so and so is considered to show greater profundity than the man who perceives that the two questions have nothing to do with each other. Academic philosophers, ever since the time of Parmenides, have believed that the world is a unity. This view has been taken over from them by clergymen and journalists, and its acceptance has been considered the touchstone of wisdom. The most fundamental of my beliefs is that this is rubbish. I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love. Indeed, there is little but prejudice and habit to be said for the view that there is a world at all. Physicists have recently advanced opinions which should have led them to agree with the foregoing remarks; but they have been so pained by the conclusions to which logic would have led them that they have been abandoning logic for theology in shoals. Every day some new physicist publishes a new pious volume to conceal from himself and others the fact that in his scientific capacity he has plunged the world into unreason and unreality. To take an illustration: What are we to think of the sun? He used to be the glorious lamp of heaven, a golden-haired god, a being to be worshiped by Zoroastrians and Aztecs and Incas. There is some reason to think that the doctrines of Zoroaster inspired Kepler's heliocentric cosmogony. But now the sun is nothing but waves of probability. If you ask what it is that is probable, or in what ocean the waves travel, the physicist, like the Mad Hatter, replies, "I have had enough of this; suppose we change the subject." If, however, you press him, he will say that the waves are in his formulae, and his formulae are in his head, from which, however, you must not infer that the waves are in his head. To speak seriously: such orderliness as we appear to find in the external world seems to be due to our own passion for pigeon-holes, and it is quite doubtful whether there are such things as laws of nature. It is a curious sign of the times that religious apologists welcome this view. In the eighteenth century they welcomed the reign of law, since they thought that laws implied a Lawgiver, but religious apologists in the present day seem to be of opinion that a world created by a Deity must be irrational, on the ground, apparently, that they themselves have been made in God's image. The reconciliation of religion and science which professors proclaim and bishops acclaim rests, in fact, on grounds of quite another sort, and might be set forth in the following practical syllogism: science depends upon endowments, and endowments are threatened by bolshevism, therefore science is threatened by bolshevism; but religion also is threatened by bolshevism;

therefore religion and science are allies. It follows, of course, that science, if pursued with sufficient profundity, reveals the existence of a God. Nothing so logical as this penetrates, however, to the consciousness of the pious professors.

The odd thing is that, at the very moment when physics, which is the fundamental science, is undermining the whole structure of applied reason and presenting us with a world of unreal and fantastic dreams in place of the Newtonian order and solidity, applied science is becoming peculiarly useful and more able than ever to give results of value to human life. There is here a paradox of which possibly the intellectual solution may be found hereafter, or, equally possibly, no solution may exist. The fact is that science plays two quite distinct roles: on the one hand as a metaphysic, and on the other hand as educated common sense. As a metaphysic it has been undermined by its own success. Mathematical technique is now so powerful that it can find a formula for even the most erratic world. Plato and Sir James Jeans think that because geometry applies to the world, God must have made the world on a geometrical pattern, but the mathematical logician suspects that God could not have made a world containing many things without exposing it to the skill of the geometer. In fact, the applicability of geometry to the physical world has ceased to be a fact about that world, and has become only a tribute to the geometer's cleverness. The only thing that the geometer needs is multiplicity, whereas the only thing the theologian needs is unity. Of unity, however vague, however tenuous, I see no evidence in modern science considered as a metaphysic. But modern science considered as common sense remains triumphant, indeed more triumphant than ever before.

In view of this state of affairs, it is necessary to make a sharp distinction between metaphysical beliefs and practical beliefs in regard to the conduct of life. In metaphysics my creed is short and simple. I think that the external world may be an illusion, but if it exists, it consists of events short, small, and haphazard. Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions just as truly as are catalogues and encyclopedias. But human inventions can, within limits, be made to prevail in our human world, and in the conduct of our daily life we may with advantage forget the realm of chaos and old night by which we are perhaps surrounded.

In human beings three things seem to me to be particularly desirable. They are scientific method, friendly feelings, and interest in life or the world. Let us begin with scientific method.

The ultimate metaphysical doubts which we have been considering have no bearing whatever upon the practical uses of science. If a Mendelian develops a variety of wheat which is immune from diseases that are destructive to the older varieties, if a physiologist makes a discovery about vitamins, if a chemist makes a discovery about the scientific production of nitrates, the importance and usefulness of their work is quite independent of the question whether an atom consists of a miniature solar system, or a wave of probability,

* This is the first of a series of articles in which men and women of distinction will set forth the ideas by which they live. The second article, by Mrs. Sidney Webb, will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

or an infinite rectangle of integers. When I speak of the importance of scientific method in regard to the conduct of human life, I am thinking of scientific method in its mundane forms. Not that I would undervalue science as a metaphysic, but the value of science as metaphysic belongs in another sphere. It belongs with religion and art and love, with the pursuit of the beatific vision, with the Promethean madness that leads the greatest men to strive to become gods. Perhaps the only ultimate value of human life is to be found in this Promethean madness. But it is a value that is religious, not political or even moral, and at the moment it is morals and politics of which I wish to speak.

Scientific method as an ingredient in everyday life consists of the habit of basing opinions upon evidence rather than upon emotion or tradition. The agriculturist who employs the methods that he learned from his father and his grandfather is likely to be indignant with the urban whippersnapper who sets to work to instruct him. Frequently the latter is ignorant of something essential and is apparently overwhelmed by the shrewd man of practical experience. Nevertheless, he is likely to possess some new piece of knowledge which, if it can be incorporated with experience, will lead to an important improvement on traditional methods. Uneducated mothers imagine that nature has taught them how to bring up their infants, and are indignant when male experts offer them advice. No doubt the male experts would be a failure if they tried to bring up infants themselves. Nevertheless, on many points, such as fixed hours of feeding, their advice has now been accepted by all intelligent women. The main principle of the scientific method is that emotion, like what the soldier said, is not evidence. If this could be more widely recognized, it would not only improve the technique of the arts and of education, but would go far to solve international problems, which are rendered intractable by the substitution of patriotic emotion for a sober survey of facts. Emotion has its sphere, since it decides the ends to which our activities are to be devoted, but it should not be allowed to obscure our vision as to the means for realizing those ends.

Scientific method is closely connected with the social virtue of impartiality. Piaget, in his book on "Judgment and Reasoning in the Child," contends that the reasoning faculty is a product of the social sense. Every child, he says, begins with a dream of omnipotence, in which all facts are bent to his wishes. Gradually, through contact with others, he is forced to the realization that their wishes may be opposed to his, and that his wishes are not invariably arbiters of truth. Reasoning, according to Piaget, develops as a method of arriving at a social truth upon which all can agree. This condition is, I think, largely valid, and emphasizes one great merit of the scientific method—namely, that it tends to avoid those intractable disputes which arise when private emotion is regarded as the test of truth. Piaget ignores another aspect of scientific method—namely, that it gives power over the environment and also power of adaptation to the environment. It may be, for example, an advantage to be able to predict the weather, and if one man is right on this point while all his companions are wrong, the advantage nevertheless remains with him, though a purely social definition of truth would compel us to regard him as in the wrong. It is success in this practical test of power over the environment, or adaptation to it, which has given science

its prestige. The Chinese emperors repeatedly refrained from persecuting the Jesuits because the latter were in the right as to the dates of eclipses when the Chinese astronomers were in the wrong. All modern life is built upon this practical success of science, at any rate where the inanimate world is concerned. It has had hitherto less success in direct applications to man, and it therefore still meets with opposition from traditional beliefs where man is concerned, but it cannot well be doubted that if our civilization survives, man also will soon come to be viewed scientifically. This will have a great effect upon education and the criminal law, perhaps also on family life. Such developments, however, belong to the future.

The power over the environment which science gives is not necessarily a good thing; the stock instance to the contrary is war. If science gives a nation the power to wipe out an enemy capital within a few hours of the outbreak of war, the gain to mankind is problematical. Whether scientific power is to be a boon or a curse depends upon the dominant emotions of those who wield it. Hitherto hatred and cruelty have always played a very large part in human life. Education and the criminal law have at most times been so ferocious as to defeat their supposed ends; that is to say, boys have been stupider, and criminals more criminal, than they would have been if they had been more kindly treated. Similarly, when nations go to war nominally for economic ends, both sides are impoverished, and it is clear that hatred has blinded them as to their true interests. The more scientific power men acquire, the more important it becomes that they should wield this power for good rather than for evil. How they will wield power depends upon their dominant emotions: if these emotions are friendly, they will wield it well; if hostile, badly.

The problem is therefore presented to the men of science to devise a method of generating friendly feeling in the mass of mankind and more especially in the holders of power. The method of direct exhortation, which has been favored by the founders of religions, has not proved very effective, and it is clear that quite other methods are required. A considerable period of experimentation will be necessary before anything can be said positively on this subject, but it is clear that among the factors concerned are diet, instinctive satisfaction, and skill in constructive work. Probably a radical transformation of the economic system is also necessary. I have no doubt whatever that methods could be devised for creating a world in which most men had friendly feelings toward other men, but I think rivers of blood will have to flow before the holders of power will allow such a world to be created, and I am doubtful whether rivers of blood are the right kind of rivers to water the tender plant of human kindness.

When I speak of the necessity of friendly feelings, I emphatically do not mean unselfishness. Unselfishness is, of course, a vague word which is incapable of any precise meaning, but at any rate it always involves control of the feelings by the will. Traditional ethics emphasize the will far too much; emotions and sentiments are far more important than will. The type of person that should be produced is a type that spontaneously, without self-control, wishes to do what in fact is in the general interest, not the type that is filled with destructive wishes kept in check by an iron self-control. Destructive wishes, where they exist

strongly, will find an outlet somehow, usually by generating beliefs which justify cruel actions. Useful emotions are produced not by preaching, but by physiological means and by wise conditioning.

This technique applies not only to friendly feelings but also to interest in life. There are many moderns in whom zest is lacking: they live more or less virtuously, but with a minimum of enjoyment. This is usually due to the fact that they force themselves by an effort of will to live in a way which is contrary to powerful emotions, of which they may or may not be conscious. An indispensable psychological condition for interest in life is a certain emotional harmony which makes it unnecessary to suppress certain emotions in order to gratify certain others. The most frequent conflict is between sexual emotions and desire for the respect of neighbors. Wherever such conflicts are strong, they are likely to produce either listlessness or rage: a man will either lose all interest in life or will find his chief pleasure in punishing those who have enjoyed the pleasures which he has denied himself. To keep alive the spontaneous play of interest and the flow of friendly feeling, it is necessary that as far as possible such fundamental emotional conflicts should

be avoided. This requires partly an adaptation of the individual to the community, but partly also an adaptation of the community to the individual. To avoid emotional conflicts in the individual, it is sometimes best to adopt such methods of education as will prevent certain desires from growing up, but at other times it is best to alter public morality in such a way that desires previously incompatible shall cease to be so. The latter is the best method wherever public morality condemns acts which would be harmless if they were not condemned.

I believe that the substitution of a scientific for a religious technique in the production of virtue may prove to be of enormous importance. Moralists hitherto have been extraordinarily unsuccessful in producing the type of character that they said they desired. The growth of psychology and biochemistry is likely to give us in the not too distant future a far greater power of molding character than mankind has ever hitherto possessed. Like the power over inanimate nature, this new power over human nature may be used either for good or for evil. I do not profess to know in which way it will be used, but if it is used for evil, our scientific civilization will not long survive.

Yale's Cathedral Orgy

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

New Haven, April 12

AS a pinnacle achievement of American education, as an architectural Eighth Wonder, and as a fitting memorial to its donor, Yale has just dedicated its new library, built at a cost of about \$7,000,000 from the estate of John W. Sterling of the class of 1864. The ceremony on April 11 was impressive. Gaping crowds were guided through the halls of the vast medieval pile, and herded around the Gothic cloister of this gorgeous cathedral of 1931. Everyone realized that American culture had arrived at a plateau previously unknown. The assemblage was stunned by the thirteenth-century sanctity, the gilt and the glory.

The monument will indeed remain through the centuries as a memorial to the character of its builders. For ages it will unmercifully reveal their soul. It will tell the story of American wealth and academic culture of the earlier twentieth century. Skyscrapers narrate only a part of the story; in a generation they must give way to others, and in their mortality lies their smallness. The Yale library will not give way, and historians, philosophers, and sight-seers in five hundred years will reconstruct the America of our day from its venerable stones.

When Yale went in for expansion, endowments, and publicity, it was not content to build ordinary buildings that with common efficiency would carry out the functions for which they were intended. Under the Yale hand, a chemistry laboratory became a Hampton Court palace; a gymnasium became a Norman cathedral, well fortified from all access of light; fraternity houses and senior-society tombs were built as Attic temples, Saracenic strongholds, Tudor mansions, Venetian palaces, and sacred edifices of the classical revival. Every minor building became other-worldly, enchanting in its

antique quaintness, its cumbersome and happy extravagance. The donors were tickled by the splendor; hardened business men felt holy when erecting imitation abbeys to their own memory; and Yale's cultural stock went up.

The time came to build a library. Not merely a library, of course, but the largest building in New Haven, the greatest monument in Connecticut, the vastest library on the continent, the greatest educational spectacle in the world. It was to be violently radical; and what great precedents there were to follow! Frank Lloyd Wright, Eliel Saarinen, the masters of the Dessau group, the Dutch designers, the Swedes—all of these could offer their rich gifts and their modern vision to the achievement of a masterwork in freedom and new thought.

Radical? It surpassed all expectations. There was no limit to its innovations. Under the inspiring genius of James Gamble Rogers, the new Yale library was designed to include:

1. A cathedral of the English Decorated period.
2. A group of Tudor pavilions, loosely connected.
3. A cloister.
4. A court with details of:
 - a. An Italian Gothic or Spanish arcade.
 - b. An Elizabethan house.
5. A central book tower, armored with extremely heavy masonry under Romanesque inspiration, pierced by Early English lancet windows.
6. Interiors designed with elaborate vaulting, Tudor bosses, medieval roof-painting, and furniture of Jacobean influence.
7. A room in early Colonial style.
8. Certain rooms to be decorated in High Renaissance style.

Radical? Not even yet were the designers satisfied. The thing was becoming too Gothic, too sacred. It needed a secular note, as a concession to the less visionary of visitors. So it was decided to turn one half of the building into a modern office structure. To outward appearances everything was solidly antique; but on close examination one could pass from a fourteenth-century ambulatory through an oaken door into a functional office corridor, with linoleum floors, radiators, exit signs, padded partitions, and sanitary tiling. In the very center of the ecclesiastical stronghold a modern light shaft was designed, like any number one finds in New York's garment-workers' district. This second court, so different from the Gothic-Romanesque cloister out in front, was kept somewhat of a secret; but it was there, in case practical eyes began to pry.

It also occurred to the fathers that although they were erecting an ancient cathedral and its appendages, there was no reason why they should forego the pleasure and expense of using steel girders throughout. Their idea was to employ all the medieval stonework possible (quarried from half a dozen different sources), and to add to that, just for good measure, a complete system of structural steel. It was a happy thought, an architectural two-in-one.

So the vast structure rose, first glittering and open and forward-looking in its unmantled steel. When the frame was finished, and all the rivets were fast, and the skyscraper was firm in its newness, the stonework began. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of ashlar approached in endless caravans. Great buttresses were mortared fast to the girders, so that all the steel supporting members might themselves be supported. Lavish tricks were played by the dozen, emulations of the builders of Chartres; and the visitors below gasped at the glory, not seeing the hidden lie of steel and the fraud of fake design.

A library? You would never recognize it when you saw it. Enter it—pass through a bastard version of the west portal of an abbey. Continue down the main hall, which is a precise copy of a nave with five bays. Observe the massive and unnecessary piers, the inconvenient but orthodox side aisles, the lofty transepts bristling with sanctity above and serial catalogues below. Advance to the high altar—a \$25,000 book-delivery desk; overhead, admire the rood screen, of utmost complexity and facility at catching dust, which has been cleverly placed to hide the important library clock from view. See the space where the great apse painting is to go. (At the present time the painting has not yet been transferred from preliminary drawings, but the work is unofficially believed to represent two nude figures, both viewed from the rear—one, a woman, flying off to the left, and the other, a horse, flying off to the right. The conception is of course in keeping with the general library scheme.) Turn about and gaze at the triforium gallery above the vast nave; scan the splendid clerestory windows, heavy with tracery and mullions, highly effective in minimizing the light, and sealed hermetically shut. Pass down the corridors, and cry out in rapt adoration of more color, more carving, more corbels, more plaques, balconies, chandeliers, wall brackets (electric, in the style of ancient torch-holders), more sacred splendors! And, while at last laboring to find a book, bow your head in holy ecstasy!

Do you accuse this place and its builders of impotence and deceit, of a hypocritical stealing from the past, of

leisure-class exhibitionism? Then you are told that the building is all idealism and pure art; and that, besides, it cost \$7,000,000. Do you point out that the whole thing is architecturally criminal in its false façades, unbuttressing buttresses, and its inculcation of the lie in young student minds? You are told that the building is meant to lift men above and away from their everyday surroundings into the world of culture and beauty. You call the place a Roxy movie palace, a cheap nouveau riche establishment in the style of Southampton, Long Island? You are forcibly shown the high civilization and learning which droop down from the structure in thousands of ornaments, scrolls, shields, panels, corbels, embrasures. You are led to the fortified facade, where you may see symbolic inscriptions in the following languages or scripts: Cro-Magnon, Egyptian, Assyrian, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Chinese, and Mayan. None of these being in the remotest degree intelligible, you are made to digest some other graven images spattered all over the stone: the Phoenician ship, the winged bull of Babylon, the Mayan serpent, the Athenian owl, the Roman wolf.

You still doubt the overpowering intellectuality of the abbey? Then you will receive supplementary proof in the form of a row of sculptured heads—poorly spaced and vapidly executed, meaningless without a handbook—representing Moses, symbolizing religion; Socrates, philosophy; Herodotus, history; Columbus, geography; Varro, language; Shakespeare, literature; Leonardo da Vinci, fine arts; Bach, music; Adam Smith, economics and sociology; Justinian, law; Aristotle, natural sciences; Galileo, astronomy and mathematics; Newton, physics and chemistry; Aesculapius, medicine; Vitruvius, engineering. Or you are taken through the cloister itself, which bristles with extravagant carvings reproducing several dozen typographers' mottoes or marks, emblems of a score of engravers, and puzzles in stone and fabulous Latin inscriptions. But a modern building constructed for purely modern needs has no excuse for going off in an orgy of meretricious medievalism and stale iconography.

It is inevitable that the observer, at first stunned by the dazzle, will recover his balance and call the bluff of this fraud. The seven million dollars have all been wisely used to show him that the library is an obscene toy of capitalism and academic greed. As the spectator looks down the corridors, part monastic, part palatial, entirely impractical, he finds in this building the true spirit of the American rulers. It dawns on him that in this holy place the bankruptcy of the American millionaire's mind and the vulgarity of the American educator's mind are faithfully monumentalized for the ages to come. He turns away with a sort of disgust as the students file into the towering mausoleum, from which light and air—and therefore freedom—have so studiously been excluded. He would like to tell them to get out from this diseased establishment, to escape the fake aesthetics, the amassed untruths, the deceitful incrustated idealism, the sick orgy of millionaire display. He would like to make them realize that neither they nor their fellows will ever learn a true thing in any institution such as this.

Despairing then, he hurries toward the exit portal of the sanctuary. And the last thing that greets his departing eye, at the end of the nave, is a telephone booth, designed as a fourteenth-century confessional.

Governor La Follette

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Madison, April 12

THREE months ago Philip F. La Follette, second son of "Fighting Bob," was inaugurated governor of Wisconsin. During those three months he has accomplished little that can be measured concretely, but he has gone far toward winning the confidence of the voters of the State. This sentiment is to be found almost everywhere among the people; and it even creeps into the editorials of the opposition newspapers. A generation ago the appearance in the opposition press of an editorial article applauding anything done by Governor Robert La Follette would have been a startling novelty; the other day the *Green Bay Gazette*, most outspoken of tory papers, spoke with unusual kindness of some of the present Governor La Follette's achievements, and caused barely a ripple of comment. Here in Madison the *State Journal* has been much less caustic in its criticism than most political observers had anticipated. It is probably true that the opposition is for the moment politically disorganized and therefore its newspapers do not speak out with as much energy and enthusiasm as they have shown in the past, but it is also true that popular support for Governor La Follette is so great that the opposition papers cannot well ignore it.

Philip La Follette has won the support of the public by his vigor, his clear and sound presentation of his solutions for the major problems confronting the State, and by his promptness in acting upon his campaign and inauguration promises. So rapidly has he moved that the opposition in the legislature, despite the fact that the session is already three months old, has not yet found time to organize. The enemy in both senate and assembly has up to now had but one thought—namely, its fear that the Governor would succeed in putting the more important of his plans through the legislature before the stalwarts could organize a decent show of resistance. Another indication of his opponents' disorganized state is their inability to find a suitable candidate to pit against La Follette in the election next year. The only man they believe might have a chance is former Governor Kohler, but he is at present being groomed for John Blaine's seat in the United States Senate, presumably on the theory that Senator Blaine will be an easier man to beat than Governor La Follette. On the other hand, the progressives are united and well disciplined. They control the lower house and have fifteen of the thirty-three votes in the senate—the opposition has sixteen votes, while the remaining two senators are independents who vote as often with the progressives as they do with the stalwarts. One gets the impression in talking with the rank-and-file progressives, both in and out of the legislature, that they are confident to the point of cockiness. Their leaders, however, do not display the same overconfidence, and Governor La Follette in particular refrains from expressing any belief that his legislative program will carry the day.

Phil La Follette as governor has not been content to depend upon his political acumen or his political position. He has solicited the advice and assistance of a host of experts.

He has gone out of the State, for example, to pick men like David Lilienthal of Chicago, a recognized authority on public utilities, to head his Railroad Commission, and he leans heavily for political guidance on a man who is not a progressive Republican but a Socialist, Senator Thomas Duncan of Milwaukee, wealthy Yale graduate and business manager of the *Milwaukee Leader*, Socialist newspaper. Railroad presidents and bankers, old enemies of his father, are often asked and willingly come to the Governor's office to discuss administrative and legislative matters. He has revived the council of unofficial advisers made up of faculty members of the University of Wisconsin, which his father originated. Professor John R. Commons and others of this group frequently come to the State House to assist in drafting legislation, just as Commons and some of the others did thirty years ago when the elder La Follette was governor. Lastly, Governor La Follette has put through the legislature his plan for the creation of an Executive Council, to be composed of five senators, five assemblymen, and ten members selected by the governor, the governor's members to be "spokesmen for agriculture, manufacturing, commerce, finance, labor, and similar basic interests in the State." Referring to the purposes of this Executive Council, Governor La Follette in his inaugural speech said:

We must mobilize for the solution of the critical problem of distribution the ability and experience which have perfected our machinery of production. . . . It is possible for us to inaugurate for Wisconsin the first steps toward a planned development, to be achieved by the free cooperation of individuals and groups with the government of the State. No one section or member of the community is all-sufficient for this task. Our institutions of government should be designed to facilitate this taking of common counsel. In the conferences which have already been held with many groups in recent weeks, there has been generous response from representatives of many interests. We may yet turn our economic difficulties to some permanent achievement if we establish a continuing practice of this kind.

Although the council has been empowered to conduct investigations, it will not be reduced to the status of a Hoover "fact-finding commission." The Governor declares rightly that there is little point in gathering information merely for the sake of collecting it. Moreover, there is plenty of valuable information concerning agriculture, finance, industry, and labor already at hand, and this information he will have the council put into such shape that it will be of positive benefit to these branches of economic activity. The members of the council are to serve without compensation.

Thus far, as has been stated, Governor La Follette has got very little major legislation, apart from that dealing with the power question, through the senate and assembly. The omnibus appropriation bill has been passed and is now awaiting the Governor's attention. The La Follette unemployment-relief plan has also been adopted, but impartial observers report that this plan will probably not work out as well as was anticipated. The scheme consists of squeez-

ing a three-year program of highway construction and grade-crossing removal into one year. The railroads are required by law to bear one-third of the cost of removing grade crossings, but the plan provides that the State shall finance this work so that the railways will have three years instead of one in which to meet the cost. The necessary funds will be obtained through an increase in the gasoline tax from two to four cents. Governor La Follette hoped to provide work "directly to at least 10,000 men and indirectly to many others." It is doubtful, however, whether more than 6,000 men will benefit directly—and according to the most acceptable estimates, there are at present approximately 225,000 workers unemployed in Wisconsin.

Two sections of the La Follette program are yet to be tackled by the legislature. The first concerns taxation. In Wisconsin farmers and home-owners pay from 65 to 70 per cent of all taxes collected; in some cases individuals in this class pay out as much as one-third of their incomes in taxes. The Governor has asked for laws restoring the tax on dividends, increasing the rates in the higher brackets of the State income tax, and repealing certain reciprocal tax arrangements. It is probable that all these reforms will be enacted, though not entirely in accordance with the terms of the La Follette program.

The second section of the Governor's program has to do with electoral reform, and will probably be defeated. Under a proposed amendment to the election laws any candidate receiving a majority of all the votes cast in a primary for the office he seeks would be declared elected to that office. If no candidate received a majority, the two persons receiving the largest number of votes would, irrespective of party, be voted upon at the general election. Governor La Follette sees in this reform the development of "a more genuine and realistic reflection of the political interest of the citizen." However, even the progressive leaders believe there is little hope of getting this legislation through at the present session.

It is on the power question that Philip La Follette is making his biggest fight, and it is on the power question that he will most likely either be made or broken as a political leader. He has receded somewhat from his original, outspoken championship of public ownership, production, and distribution of electric power. He still believes that public ownership is to be preferred to absentee ownership by private interests, but he has lately come around to the opinion that public ownership, to be valuable and permanent, must be permitted to establish and develop itself without special favors or privileges from the State or federal government. His power program, some sections of which have already been enacted into law, would place private and public power corporations on an equal basis, subject to the same strict regulation and the same taxation, on the theory that the better and more economical system would and should survive. Governor La Follette is sure that public ownership will win out.

One of the most important bills passed by the legislature this session provides for the creation of "municipal power districts" throughout the State. Under this law a group of organized communities may unite in owning and operating a power plant that will produce and distribute electrical energy to all residents and industries within the power district. The various municipalities in any given section may erect their own power-transmission hook-up, distribute

power over their entire area from a single large central station, and so place themselves in a stronger position to compete with private utilities which already operate on this basis. Such municipal power districts are not mandatory; "the governing bodies of one-half or more of the municipalities proposed to be included in the district" may by resolution call for a popular referendum on the question of whether a power district shall be created, or as an alternative a referendum may be had by the presentation of a petition signed by 10 per cent of the qualified voters of the proposed district. If the referendum fails to bring out a favorable majority in some of the municipalities in the district, the Railroad Commission is empowered to decide whether a smaller district embracing the communities where the proposition was carried would be economically and otherwise feasible. Once created, a municipal power district can enlarge itself by taking in other municipalities or by merging with other districts. In this manner, should the voters so decide, the State of Wisconsin may eventually become one vast public power district.

Two constitutional amendments now pending are designed to facilitate the development of public power systems. The first, in compliance with the amendatory clause of the constitution, has already been adopted by two successive biennial sessions of the legislature, and it now goes to the voters for ratification. This amendment would remove the limit on the debt which a municipality may incur in the construction or operation of a power generating and distributing system. At present no incorporated community may have a bonded indebtedness totaling more than 5 per cent of the assessed value of the real property within the community. Such a limitation, of course, places a municipality at a disadvantage as compared with private companies, who may borrow freely and with few restrictions. The second amendment gives the State government full authority to go into the power business whenever it so desires, which will probably be when most of the State has gone over to the municipal-power-district plan. This amendment was passed for the first time at the current session; it must be resubmitted in 1933. If it is repassed then, it must be submitted to the electorate for approval in November, 1934.

In the meantime, however, there is to be no relaxation in the regulation of privately owned utilities. The appointment of Mr. Lilienthal and the regulation bill now before the legislature indicate that supervision of the utilities will be much stricter than heretofore. The pending legislation recognizes that absentee ownership is difficult to control, but it would outlaw absentee management by requiring that the directors of all public-utility corporations be residents of Wisconsin, and it would further require that "the directors of such public utilities shall not, directly or indirectly, delegate or in any manner, temporarily or permanently, relinquish or surrender their duty to manage and direct the stock, property, affairs, and business of such corporation." Absentee ownership is not neglected, however. In fact, the most important section of the proposed law is designed to reach public-utility holding companies, no matter how many may be piled one on top of the other, or other corporations or persons, which may be interested in one way or another in power companies operating in Wisconsin. These interests—the proposed law describes them as "affiliated interests"—may be based on stock ownership, interlocking directorates,

managerial control, blood relationship of directors or managers, or upon any other connection through which a "substantial influence" over the Wisconsin companies might be exercised. All contracts and other arrangements between such "affiliated interests" and any Wisconsin company providing "for the furnishing of management, supervisory construction, engineering, accounting, legal, financial, or similar services" would under the law have to be approved by the Railroad Commission before becoming legally valid or effective. Finally, the Railroad Commission, or some other body that may be set up in its place, would be empowered to make changes in rates and other orders upon its own volition after due notice had been given and hearings held. In no other State is this done. The usual practice is to wait until the utility company applies for a change in rates, or, more rarely, until consumers protest against existing rates, before investigating the necessity for an adjustment. Under the La Follette-Lilienthal plan the utilities commission would keep a constant check on changes in conditions influencing power production and distribution costs.

Neither Wisconsin nor La Follette alone can solve the unemployment problem; they would not get far with a planned economy confined to that State so long as economic chaos prevails in the other forty-seven States; a rationalized and more equitable structure of taxation would probably fail to bring beneficial results so long as the larger industries

and the wealthier individuals can find privileged protection elsewhere in the country; but the power question is essentially a local problem. It can be solved locally without consideration for conditions or circumstances elsewhere. The power trust cannot escape by running away; by doing that it leaves the field wide open to the La Follettes and other proponents of public ownership.

As yet the Governor has met little opposition from the power trust. This has in part been due to the lack of organization among the stalwarts, in part to the vigorous fight La Follette has been making against the power lobby. Two lobbyists are already under charges of having attempted to bribe a State senator, a fact which has virtually disrupted the lobby for the present session. Among the stalwarts and power people in Madison, however, it is said that the full forces of the power trust will be thrown into the Wisconsin battle two years from now when the State-ownership amendment comes again before the legislature and when the municipal-power-district plan goes to the voters for ratification. That battle is sure to be a fierce one, since success for the La Follette scheme in Wisconsin would put private power interests on the defensive in every other State in the country. Today, with the real battle still some months off, the stalwarts are disheartened, the progressives confident. Governor La Follette himself is hopeful, but is proceeding with great caution.

Political Prisoners, 1931

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THE term political prisoner has an anomalous ring in the United States in 1931. It savors of prosecutions in war time, when justice takes sides and speech is free only to those who speak in favor of the dominant hysteria. Yet at the present moment twenty-five persons are serving sentences in the prisons of this country for political offenses. This total does not include Mooney and Billings and the six industrial unionists who are serving sentences of from twenty-five to forty years in Centralia, Washington, although it is obvious to any fair-minded investigator that all of these cases are at base political. Finally, there should be added to the total of twenty-five one person now confined in an Oregon insane asylum and three out on bail in Pennsylvania pending appeal of their convictions for sedition.

Pennsylvania, California, and Oregon are the principal prosecutors of political heresy. In the first State eight persons have been convicted in five years under a sedition law which industrial barons have found to be a handy weapon against workers who speak too stridently against injustice. California, under its criminal-syndicalism statute of 1919, sent eight labor organizers to prison in 1930 for strike propaganda in the Imperial Valley. Oregon has lately dusted off its own criminal-syndicalism law and is applying it against men who do not think that the present economic situation is pretty to look at.

During the war and for six years thereafter the Industrial Workers of the World were the chief target for prosecutions under the syndicalism laws of various States. Now Communists are bearing the brunt of the attack, since they

are the most active in their protests against industrial exploitation. They are the gadflies of the hour, and their aggressiveness has been intensified by onslaughts from the Fish Congressional Committee, the illegal alien raids staged by the federal immigration authorities, and police interference with unemployment demonstrations.

The Pennsylvania sedition act was passed in 1919 and amended in 1921. Under its provisions mere membership in the Communist Party may be a basis for prosecution. In December, 1929, Milani Resetar, Tom Zima, and Peter Muselin began serving five-year terms in the Allegheny County workhouse under that law. All three are naturalized American citizens hailing from Croatia. Muselin was overseas in the American army for two years. He and Zima have families and are property-owners in Woodlawn, fifteen miles from Pittsburgh, where Resetar also lived. Woodlawn is a typical steel town. The life of the community is dominated by the company. The twelve-hour day and the seven-day week had never been questioned.

The three men were arrested in 1926 following persistent distribution of radical literature in the steel plant of the Jones and Laughlin Company. After a trial which lasted five days they were convicted of membership in the Communist Party and of utterances designed to overthrow by force the government of Pennsylvania. In charging the jury Judge William McConnell used this curious language: "It is alleged . . . not that they *spoke* certain things . . . but that they had *uttered* certain things, and had been guilty of certain things the intention of which is the forcible overthrow

of this government." The conviction, however, was based not on evidence of actual utterance, but on literature seized in the homes of the defendants during an illegal raid. Two years after the trial the verdict was upheld by a higher court, and the accused men went to prison.

Roy Peltz and Thomas Holmes were convicted of sedition in Media, Pennsylvania, in 1930 for distributing leaflets near the Viscose Mill in Marcus Hook, a suburb of Chester. The leaflets bore the words "Join the Communist Party of the United States of America." The verdict was based on membership in that party. Peltz was fined \$5,000 and is serving from one to twenty years. Holmes, a minor, was sent to Huntington Reformatory for not less than eighteen months.

Tess Ryder and Anna Lynn, in Philadelphia, are facing prison terms of from ten to twenty years following the conviction for sedition. Two counts were brought against them—membership in the Young Communist League and handing leaflets to National Guard members urging them to attend an anti-war meeting and to "fight with all other workers against the preparations for a new imperialist war." William Lawrence was recently sentenced to from two to four years under the same law for a speech in Philadelphia during a Communist election campaign. Both cases will be appealed.

Six of the men convicted in the Imperial Valley in California are serving from three to forty-two years, the longest terms ever imposed in this republic solely for strike propaganda; two others received sentences of from two to twenty-eight years. Their crime was an attempt to organize melon workers against low wages and intolerable working conditions in January, 1930. Only four of the eight prisoners are Communists. Defense counsel argued that the Communist Party was legal, that the right of workers to organize was constitutional, and that any talk of violence had come from stool-pigeons hired by ranch-owners. One detective admitted on the stand having suggested that the workers use pop bottles in self-defense. No overt act by any defendant was shown. But all were found guilty. After the trial Commander Thaanum of the American Legion post in El Centro stated in a speech that the trial judge was a legionnaire, and that half the jurors were war veterans. "What chance," he asked, "did the Communists have?" Anti-war and unemployment demonstrations in recent months have resulted in sentences of six months or a year for ten Communists, who at last accounts were still in jail in Los Angeles and Lincoln Heights, California.

In Portland, Oregon, in March of this year, Ben Boloff, organizer of the Young Communist League, received a sentence of ten years in prison for violation of the State syndicalism law. The jury recommended leniency, but the defendant received the maximum penalty. At his trial "The State and Revolution" by Lenin and copies of the *New York Daily Worker* were offered as evidence that the Communists intended to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat by force.

Michael Kulikoff, grammar-school student in Portland, was arrested last November for teaching Communist songs to fellow-students. He was taken before a Circuit Court judge, with no counsel. Criminal-syndicalism and deportation proceedings were discussed but were abandoned. Finally, on a physician's testimony, the boy was committed for

insanity, and is now confined in the State insane asylum. A writ of habeas corpus was denied.

To complete the record: Fred Bassett is serving a year in jail in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on a charge of unlawful assembly and rioting in connection with a Communist unemployment demonstration on March 6, 1930.

In the Driftway

PROFESSOR IVAR TENGBOM, Director in Chief of the Royal Board of Public Works in Sweden, likes our skyscrapers—with several reservations. He thinks there are too many of them; he thinks each should have been surrounded by ample green space; he thinks that since it is now too late to achieve that happy condition, the height of buildings should be limited in order to prevent any future increase of the horror known as congestion. It is not often that a person of prominence voices the Drifter's own ideas so exactly, so the Drifter may perhaps be forgiven for feeling unusual enthusiasm for Professor Tengbom's excellent remarks. However, perhaps because the Drifter, unlike Professor Tengbom, has actually suffered from, as well as observed, skyscrapers, he hesitates to agree that it is necessary to let sleeping dogs lie and too many skyscrapers stand forever. He feels that something can be done even yet.

* * * * *

HE is ready to admit, however, that the outlook is pretty discouraging. It is true, as someone was good enough to point out, that the very impermanence of New York skyscrapers—has one ever reached the age of twenty?—makes it at least possible to bring about a less congested city. But that fact can only abet and not provide a solution. The plans for Radio City make it clear, moreover, that no private builder, even one with sufficient money, will ever defy the rule that the price of land makes anything less than a skyscraper financially impossible. It is remotely possible that if skyscrapers continue to pile up unrented office space, the value of real estate, since potential income would be reduced, might fall a few stories, but that is so remote that the Drifter prefers another solution almost as remote but not quite—namely, some form of public control. He admits at the start that the forces that would array themselves against anything of the sort would be discouragingly formidable, particularly in view of the fact that the public, while it complains about congestion, still accepts it as a necessary evil.

* * * * *

HERE, of course, is the real heart of the difficulty. As long as the people who work in the city offer no resistance to the greed which makes a profit out of their discomfort, nothing will be done to alleviate it. When will the rebellion come? Until it does, the Drifter clings desperately to his dream of a beautiful city. Ideally no building would be more than ten stories high—except one. In the center of the island, surrounded by at least four acres of grass and garden, would be set one magnificent skyscraper—the Empire State building would do.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Don't Flatter Mr. Coolidge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a rule I enjoy Paul Y. Anderson's articles. He makes one statement, however, in his article in the issue of March 25 that to me seems not quite fair. He speaks of the "Great Administrator" having "surrounded himself with a pack of adventurers and political hacks whom Coolidge would not have tolerated."

President Harding of "normalcy" fame, as I recall, invited Mr. Coolidge to sit in at Cabinet meetings, thus affording him opportunity to become well acquainted not only with the personnel but with the methods of procedure of the President's official family. Yet, on inheriting the Presidency, Mr. Coolidge retained that "pack" until public opinion forced action; and when at last Attorney General Daugherty got out, Mr. Coolidge expressed sympathy and regret. Referring to the present "pack" as one "Coolidge would not have tolerated" to me seems hardly justified.

If at any time since Grant was President we have been in the hands of a "pack" demonstrating the "moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the men who now control the politics, industry, and finance of the country" more fully than when Mr. Coolidge was President, my memory fails to recall it.

Muncie, Ind., April 1

R. B. KERSEY

Laymen and Museums

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 11 you published an article by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld called Bread Lines and a Museum. It dealt with the Museum of Modern Art established last year in the Heckscher building. While I disagreed with Mr. Rosenfeld's views I waited until now for someone more competent than myself to register a protest to his scathing criticism of the museum.

The Museum of Modern Art has been a source of continuous enjoyment for me and many friends of mine. Busy people that we are, we do not miss any of its exhibitions. Mr. Rosenfeld wants busy people and even the unemployed to get into contact with art. Who is more generous in providing this opportunity than the management of the Museum of Modern Art? The sums it expends on assembling its exhibitions must be considerable; it makes accessible to us works of art which we could see only at great expense otherwise. Take the recent showing of German paintings for example; some of them were actually sent here from Europe. The fact that the museum is open on Sundays and in the evening adds immensely to its usefulness to the general public.

Mr. Rosenfeld feels that the quality of the paintings shown at the museum is inferior. This seems a very unjust generalization. Paintings by practically all the great masters of modern times have been shown at its exhibitions, and the selections offered, while probably not complete, were certainly reasonably comprehensive and illustrated different periods in the artists' development. Not only the recognized masters but also the works of young painters have been shown extensively at the museum. In judging what is "living" and what is "dead" in this field it is naturally difficult to find any two critics who agree; therefore we need not be amazed that Mr. Rosenfeld and the museum do not agree on it.

Furthermore, the succession of exhibits is criticized by Mr. Rosenfeld. He challenges the directors of the museum to show the development of modern art systematically. But even if such a scheme could be carried out in a museum that has as yet no permanent collection, would it not be most unsatisfactory for the public? We might get down to contemporary art in anywhere from one to five years, depending on how thoroughly its development should be presented.

Judging from my own circle of friends (which includes a few artists), the museum has helped immensely to stimulate interest in modern art; and I believe this to be an achievement that should not be belittled.

New York, April 10

HELENE BERLINER

Rugged, if Not Ragged, Individualism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you ever desist from your praise and advocacy of the Russian Five-Year Plan? I can think of nothing more un-American than such an enterprise. Imagine the tedium of life in this blessed land of rugged individualism if we were to have our gloriously unpredictable future obscured and hedged about by some such fantastic formula. Thank God and the Republican Party that our future is as free and untrammelled as a citizen of Arkansas. No Five-Year Plan, or Five-Month Plan; not even a Day-After-Tomorrow Plan. How dull it would be to have the faintest inkling of the pig-iron production or the car loadings or the building permits of 1936! What sport would the ticker afford if some hypothetical Economic Council had decreed the output of General Motors or United States Steel for that year? What scintilla of interest would remain in a Congress that had nothing more to do than legislate for the efficient working of a carefully planned system of economical and equitable production and distribution?

I am thankful to the great practical economist and all his saints and martyrs that I still live in a land where the economic wind bloweth where it listeth, where a man can starve in sturdy independence, and where a few dollars cast upon the watered stocks of the market may, by some wild gyration of the uncontrolled forces of American industrialism, return a thousand-fold.

Claremont, Cal., April 6

ELLIS L. SPACKMAN, JR.

Help Win Strikes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Before the Senate Committee on Unemployment Mr. Brandt A. Scott of the West Virginia Miners Federation gave testimony concerning human misery and serfdom which shames America in the eyes of the world. I have in my possession the wage slips of a miner showing how at the end of two weeks of intermittent work for a coal company, paid mostly in "scrip" (that is, tokens good only in company stores), he owed the company more money than when he began. I have seen miners living in houses not as well built as an ordinary cow shed, and have talked with a man dispossessed at night from his shanty, all his chickens let loose and his children's clothes stolen by the dispossessing officers.

The misery is partly the consequence of a sick industry, partly the fault of an incompetent and often cruel industrial autocracy. In both cases it can be helped by social legislation, unemployment insurance, and a strong union. Numerous small,

short, but heroic strikes are helping to rebuild a union no longer under John L. Lewis's stifling control.

The need of relief is great. The Red Cross is doing little or nothing—nothing in the case of strikers against intolerable conditions. The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which I am chairman, is transmitting relief funds which I can testify are competently and fairly administered by the miners' own committee. No need in America is greater.

New York, April 6

NORMAN THOMAS

Three Cheers for Emory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suggestion that intercollegiate contests be abolished altogether which occurred in your editorial Sport for Sport's Sake in the issue of February 18 certainly merits serious consideration. But it is, perhaps, a significant comment on the reason why more institutions have not adopted your simple but effective plan that you can say, as you do, that to the best of your knowledge "no college or university president has thought of this remedy." Emory University, deprived of the advertising that accompanies intercollegiate athletics, has apparently escaped your attention.

Since 1889, when intercollegiate athletics were discontinued at Emory, the athletic program has been confined to intramural contests, except in the minor sports of tennis, golf, and track. There are no imposing stadia on the campus to dwarf the libraries. There are no waves of neurotic excitement to upset the fall term. The coaching is done by six men of the graduate or professional schools under the supervision of a physical director. Instead of concentrating the attention of the coaching staff upon a handful of carefully picked—and more carefully paid—stars, and limiting the supply of athletic equipment to their needs, the administration encourages all students to participate in the games. Beginning this year every able-bodied student is required to take part in at least one sport.

Dr. H. W. Cox, president of the university, defends its policy by saying: "The individual student is our goal instead of the game. Why can't we have a school where people can send students for study? . . . Our whole atmosphere here is one of scholastic endeavor. It is strikingly different from that of a school where students have to be loyal to the team. . . . Our life as a university does not depend on one football game."

Atlanta, Ga., March 15

VANN WOODWARD

Indian Tribal Arts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among your readers are many who are interested in the welfare of the American Indian and in the preservation of his arts. Few Americans know that Indian artists of great talent, now living in the United States, are producing works of real beauty and excellent craftsmanship. Their poetry, paintings, textiles, and sculpture deserve wider appreciation among white Americans. At present there is in Europe more recognition of their extraordinary contribution to the pure and applied arts than in this country.

The Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts now being organized will be the first comprehensive and truly representative exhibition of the work of contemporary Indian artists. This exposition will include fine specimens from private and museum collections and modern work of outstanding excellence. It will open at the Grand Central Art Galleries of New York in December, 1931.

After a month's showing there it will be exhibited in the leading cities in this country and, it is hoped, in Europe.

The national office of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc., is at 578 Madison Avenue, New York. The project has been indorsed by the American Federation of Arts, the College Art Association, the American Anthropological Association, and by museums of art throughout the country.

New York, May 1

JOHN SLOAN

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the distinguished British mathematician and philosopher, is the author of "The A B C of Relativity" and "The Conquest of Happiness."

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is the editor of the *Harkness Hoot*, the new undergraduate literary magazine published at Yale University.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL reported the Centralia and Sacco-Vanzetti trials for the labor press.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

WILLIAM A. COOPER is the executive head of the department of Germanic languages at Leland Stanford University.

RAY C. B. BROWN was for many years managing editor of *Musical America*.

JAMES BURNS is the pseudonym of the Ottawa correspondent of a well-known Canadian newspaper.

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Spring Gardening

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

The prairie grows around him as he digs
Dwarfing the white farmhouse; the bending man.
From time to time he straightens to pause and look
Across the tidal earth's immensity.
Earth is a still wheel flattening between the rims
Of a blue-steel horizon; bending below
To depths beyond the curving ends of sky.
A flying arc holds up infinity—
The peopled deeps where spin the shoaling worlds
Sands upon drifted sands . . .

O uncontrollable serenity,
Intensity too vast for any motion
Burn blue and endless under your dome of air.
And man is motionless erect or bending,
Swinging his tiny weapon, seaming the soil.

The Aphoristic Art

Afterthoughts. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.35.

THE first tendency of most readers who glance through Mr. Smith's book of "afterthoughts" will be to underestimate them. There are at least two reasons for this. These brief sentences are printed separately, surrounded by ample blank space, sometimes only one or two on a page. Like all sayings thus separated they seem ostentatious. If they appeared casually in the solid text of an essay we should attach a higher value to them; we should applaud all the successes and perhaps never notice the failures at all, for we never recognize a failure unless we have reason to suspect an attempt. But a sentence in typographical isolation seems to say in effect: "Look at me; I'm so good that I can stand alone; I'm either devilish clever or very profound." The reader resents such self-assurance, and retaliates by putting sentences with these pretensions under a special obligation to make good. For sentences in paragraphs and sentences in isolation, in short, there is the same difference in our standards and demands as concertgoers make between the violinists who are part of a symphony orchestra (who, though of modest talents, may share in the applause for the whole orchestra provided they have merely not been out of tune) and a violinist who offers a solo.

The second reason why most readers may underestimate Mr. Smith's "afterthoughts" is that they are likely to start with a false preconception of what it is they are being offered. They are getting aphorisms, and they are probably looking for paradoxes. Now the paradox is usually little more than an aphorism or a proverb that has been stood on its head. This reversal may sometimes call attention to some more subtle aspect of the truth, like Mr. Chesterton's "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing badly";¹ but paradoxes—as Mr. Smith pointed out in his delightful introduction to his fine anthology "A Treasury of English Aphorisms," published three years ago—paradoxes, however much they may amuse us at the moment, have seldom weight enough to give them enduring value. "Wise sayings, to ring true, must be made of sterling metal, must embody a feeling more profound than the mere desire to flout

general opinion and reverse its judgments; we soon tire of the sparkle, the glitter, the polished brass of these false coins of thought."

But this means that to be a master of aphorism is a more perilous as well as a higher ambition than to be a master of paradox. For while the aphorist will sometimes attempt to express in terse form some truth about human nature seldom or only vaguely glimpsed (though immediately recognized, upon its declaration, to be true), he will still be occupied largely with the task of trying to say in a more striking form what "oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." Unless he is very careful, therefore, his truths will turn into platitudes. It is because Mr. Smith's own aphorisms skate at times so dangerously close to truisms that readers may underestimate his achievement; for most of us today, fed so often on the flashy epigrams and paradoxes of the Arlens, Chestertons, and Guedallas, are likely to find true aphorisms insipid, much as a restaurant eater, accustomed to treating everything to a blizzard of salt, ceases to find any flavor in food in a natural state.

And Mr. Smith's "afterthoughts," when successful, are true aphorisms. Some of them even stand very well the severe test that Hazlitt once proposed—that a good aphorism should contain the essence or groundwork of a separate essay. For example:

The notion of making money by popular work, and then retiring to do good work on the proceeds, is the most familiar of the devil's traps for artists.

All our affirmations are mere matters of chronology; and even our bad taste is nothing more than the bad taste of the age we live in.

The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves.

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading.

The aphoristic form seems peculiarly adapted to express cynicism and disenchantment; as Mr. Smith himself has finely said, aphorisms are the hornets and wasps, and not the butterflies of reflection. Many of his own fall short by this standard; they lack sting. Occasionally, however, he achieves a comment quite in the vein of that Napoleon of the aphorism, La Rochefoucauld:

That we should practice what we preach is generally admitted; but anyone who preaches what he and his hearers practice must incur the gravest moral disapprobation.

If we disregard what the world says of someone, we shall almost certainly live to repent it.

I have hinted that all of Mr. Smith's aphorisms are not successful. Even his best are doubtless not gems of the first water. But if he has produced no pearls or rubies, he has fashioned a few semi-precious stones not to be despised. Nowhere is it more necessary than here to be grateful to a writer for his successes and not condemn him for his failures. Perhaps it is harder today to write a good aphorism than a good sonnet. The field of general truths about human nature is not unlimited. La Rochefoucauld alone must have left less territory for his successors to explore than Petrarch, Spenser, and Milton together. The aphorism, moreover, is centuries older than the sonnet; it was old in the days of Solomon and Confucius, and in the years of the Egyptians. No field has been plowed more thoroughly, in so many directions, and the competition is still tremendous. A thousand men a day, in writing and in conversation, are trying to coin good aphorisms to every one who is trying to write a lyric. Ever since the prophet exclaimed, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," we have all itched to sum up the universe in seven or eight well-chosen words. If Mr. Smith has added a few permanent grains to the world's store of gnomic wisdom, he is indeed a writer to be envied.

HENRY HAZLITT

Figures of the Nineties

Men and Memories. By Sir William Rothenstein. Coward-McCann. \$5.

UPON reading Sir William Rothenstein's first volume of his memoirs it is difficult to think of anything that he has done in terms of failure. Surely here if anywhere is the record of a successful life that sprang from the very heart of William Butler Yeats's "tragic generation."

The young man who came from the north of England to Paris to study portrait painting in Julian's studios was an extraordinary young man indeed. Those who knew Rothenstein, and there were many, must have regarded him with particular affection, for he was deferential, urbane, and worldly, with a gift for reciting choice bits of attractive gossip that never quite crossed the border line of malice or indiscretion. He was the Boswell of the *Yellow Book*, the *Savoy*, and the *Saturday Review*, a pleasant incidental figure in a broad canvas of celebrities.

We see clearly enough that they were not giants in those days, but brilliant young men of unusual talent in whom the social graces of the amateur were combined with faultless and professional craftsmanship. As Rothenstein presents them, they were all young, bright, radiating metallic splendor. First of all there was Max Beerbohm. Even now it is impossible to think of Max as the Sage of Rapallo; he is the graceful young fellow with the slender waistline that Rothenstein saw on his visit to Oxford. Ernest Dowson does not accept Rothenstein's invitation to sleep in the guest-room, but selects the polished floor under the grand piano in the parlor. Lionel Johnson is as drunk as Dowson, but never mind, he is correctly dressed, erect, walks home to his neat chambers in a modestly fashionable quarter of London. Oscar Wilde reminds Frank Harris that he, Harris, has been invited to dine in every house in London *once*, and we almost forget that Oscar's figure was that of an overgrown child who has eaten too much candy. Rothenstein makes every attempt to justify the conduct of those who may be looked upon as his enemies, and gives them all, even men well past middle age, something of the coloring of youth.

There were few who did not respond to Rothenstein's talents for friendship. We gather that Walter Pater, surrounded by a company of athletic young undergraduates, was one, and John Sargent another. Pater's vanity was injured by Rothenstein's lithograph, and Sargent, like Henry James, seemed to be ill at ease with everyone. Even at best, the Americans were a troublesome lot, particularly Whistler. Despite Rothenstein's obvious admiration for Whistler's work, Whistler's violent appetite for hero-worship of himself was never gratified by the young man's praise. Perhaps Rothenstein's quarrel with Whistler may be traced to the fact that he saw Whistler (a rare occasion) in a moment of self-depreciation. His story of how Whistler, tormented by doubt of his own genius, reexamined his canvases inch by inch by the light of a candle is a memorable portrait and one that Whistler would never have approved.

Rothenstein's friendships in Paris, though somewhat limited by his interest in the English-American colony, extended far enough to include an intimate relationship with Verlaine. He was responsible for bringing Verlaine to England for a brief series of lectures. He realized at once, and not without a sense of pathos, that given assurances of continued hospitality Verlaine would never have left English soil. Returning Verlaine to Paris—by actually bundling him off—was a sterling test of Rothenstein's ability to handle a difficult situation with the tact for which he was famous. It is evident that

he remained even to the end of Verlaine's life, wrecked as it was by poverty and disease, one of the few to whom the poet could turn for a sympathetic hearing.

Rothenstein's present volume closes, appropriately enough, with the end of the nineteenth century. In the last few chapters another generation slowly emerges from the background. We are told that Watts-Dunton refused Epstein's offer to make Swinburne's death mask. Augustus John becomes the center of interest, a young man whose attraction for young ladies seemed indestructible. John takes charge of Rothenstein's London house in his host's absence, and we find him five nights out of seven climbing in first-floor windows because it is impossible for him to remember that the front door has a key. Young Masfield appears worshipping Joseph Conrad, who, in dismay, cannot return the compliment. We are left waiting for more, and we have every reason to assume that Rothenstein's intelligence and charm will not desert him as he enters middle age and the first two decades of the present century in his next book.

HORACE GREGORY

The Unwise Thrush

Fatal Interview. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

WHATEVER may be said now concerning Miss Millay's poetry will have little or no effect upon her position in American literature. Nor will the oblique attack of certain critics who prefer the intellectual and less personal poetry injure her. Such critics may not like personal lyrics, but this type of poetry from a true poet remains authentic. And Miss Millay's best lyrics will endure when the critics are very dead; in her own domain she is the artist. Miss Millay is preeminently the poet of the senses, the poet living in the intensity of the moment and capable of creating that intensity in the poetic image. She is able to project her own ego directly into its artistic complement: when the personal emotion is intense enough, the fusion of image and emotion in words is perfectly accomplished. There are times, of course, when Miss Millay is flippantly attitudinizing in verse, and these are sorry times; but when, as a result of the immediate, personal, and therefore somewhat limited play of her senses over the materials of life, Miss Millay writes poetry, she writes such lyrics as will live. The only cause for regret is that Miss Millay's sensitivity has not expanded with the expansion of the world about her; it assimilates nothing that is not, has not always been, very personal to herself.

Miss Millay has grown older, but she has made no adaptation to her own maturity, has accepted no wisdom. She cannot change herself from the lover of life at its full tide; anything else is repugnant to her. Therefore her dilemma. In "The Buck in the Snow" Miss Millay confesses her own inability to accept change; she realizes that her senses have betrayed her, that neither pain nor joy continues to have its earlier vitality. The rhythm of her poems in "The Buck in the Snow," the whole tone of them, is lowered in direct ratio to her loss of personal intensity and conviction. "The Buck in the Snow" is a sad book and a terribly honest book. Within its pages only one solution to the poet's dilemma is hinted at: the irony of such fine sonnets as the one beginning "Country of hunchbacks" suggests that the love of life, always Miss Millay's theme, might have its passionate darker side, the irony of life.

But it is not toward any philosophy or mood of irony that Miss Millay moves in her latest book, "Fatal Interview"; here she retraces her own earlier work and would again be known as the writer of love sonnets. Her earlier manner,

somewhat more elaborately turned, is here; but her earlier mood is not recaptured. "Fatal Interview" is, therefore, not an honest book, it springs from no inner compulsion. One finishes it convinced that Miss Millay has faked her emotions—the one utterly destructive crime against her art. We cannot believe a beautiful word of these sonnets.

Let me be specific about one point: I am not concerned here with the autobiographical truth or lack of truth in "Fatal Interview"—that has nothing to do with the artistic sincerity of the sonnets themselves. There may or may not have been love—it does not matter. What does matter is that the emotional core of this sequence of sonnets is unreal—and in Miss Millay's case the emotional core is, with peculiar force, the personality translated into the artistic form of poetry. The stated emotional core is humility, and this humility is unbelievable. Not that Miss Millay's earlier arrogance and passion in the treatment of love would prevent her, personally, from humility; but that the humility written about has no intensity; we cannot feel it to be true. It is clothed in every conceivable literary image—Greek, Shakespearean, and Millayian—but it lacks reality. Despite Miss Millay's every trick—beauty of language, turn of phrase, knowledge of the beautiful image and of rhythm—this sonnet sequence is a shell wherein nothing lives.

And why? How can we know whether poetry is sincere or insincere, save intuitively? I have read the late sonnets alongside the early: most of the early sonnets—not all—are sincere, most of the late—not quite all—are manufactured. Within so conventionalized a technique as the sonnet sincerity is particularly difficult to analyze. And yet we do recognize it when it is there. Why, otherwise, would we be in agreement concerning the sincere sonnets among the many merely well-turned of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries?

Since the fusion of emotion or idea with the image is not solely the result of excellent craftsmanship, Miss Millay has in these later sonnets employed her technique to no avail. Lack of this fusion is indicated by rhythm, by a disparateness between the elaboration, the detailed working out of the image, and the value of the emotion which the image carries. One might point out that, save for the metaphysical school and its amazing facility in keeping decoration and idea in adherence, poets seldom find themselves able to refine upon an image without some loss of intensity. The process seems to be this: the poet recalls or notices certain details of life; a few of these details take on emotional value (they might do this for any man); still fewer become symbolic of larger meanings than themselves and take shape in the poet's mind as images. Usually only one or two aspects of an image are significant emotionally and symbolically; therefore in poetry only these aspects are emphasized, other aspects are either emotionally or deliberately ignored. In her earlier sonnets Miss Millay, concerned with her emotion, used only such aspects of the image, whatever it might be, as pointed the emotion. In these later sonnets she begins with an image and works it out completely. The result is pretty but unconvincing. Now and then, to be sure, she steps free of her literary reminiscences—including her own earlier poems—and in such an image as this one of the island women—certainly from personal memory—speaks again sincerely and intensely:

There in the autumn when the men go forth,
With slapping skirts the island women stand
In gardens stripped and scattered, peering north,
With dahlia tubers dripping from the hand:
The wind of their endurance, driving south,
Flattened your words against your speaking mouth.

But very seldom in this last book do we get that emotional rightness which is absolutely necessary to fine lyric writing. This, and this alone, makes the fine phrase, the exceptional

image significant. This vehemence was there in these lines from an earlier sonnet:

Dust in an urn long since, dispersed and dead
Is great Apollo; and the happier he;
Since who amongst you all would lift a head
At a god's radiance on the mean door-tree,
Saving to run and hide your dates and bread,
And cluck your children in about your knee?

It may be there again when Miss Millay turns from reminiscence of an earlier self to feeling which absorbs her now.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Wilson Interpreter

Wilson the Unknown. An Explanation of an Enigma of History. By Wells Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

WELLS WELLS, we are told, is the pseudonym of a New York corporation lawyer who has been a lifelong Republican notwithstanding that he voted for Wilson in 1912, and whose studies of Wilsonian politics have "consumed almost twenty years." A book produced under such circumstances ought, one would think, to be important, but such light as the author in this instance throws upon Wilson's career is overshadowed by a theory so startling as to give one pause. Wilson, we are asked to believe, is not an enigma at all, but an extraordinary personality who steered a circuitous course in strict accordance with a grand design. What Wilson wanted was to be President not only in 1916 but also, and more particularly, in 1920 and perhaps longer, not in order that he might become a mere personal dictator, but to give the United States a "new frontier" as far south of the Rio Grande as it could conveniently be located, and to make the United States, molded and controlled by the unique Wilsonian mind, the dominant influence throughout the world. As Wilson would be President all the while, what the grand project amounted to was that Wilson himself would be the world's autocrat, of course for the world's supreme good.

It is this, we are assured, that explains the stiff course with Mexico, since only with success there could Wilson hope for reelection in 1916. Wells Wells actually pictures Wilson contemplating a Mexico and Central America overrun by "several million Americans" busily exploiting the country ("a benevolent protectorate" is the chosen phrase) and demanding American goods, with perhaps half a million military police to keep things in order, and "all in the name of civilization, religion, and humanity." It was, he thinks, a "perfect strategy" then, and "it is today. Economic urge will sometime unite with altruism to spur us in that direction."

When the World War suddenly put the Mexican scheme in second place, Wilson turned his attention to fooling the American people into believing that he meant to remain neutral when in fact he intended to go in, and to championing the League of Nations as the best device for insuring Wilsonian world rule. The supreme moment, one gathers, of this continuing strategy came in 1918, when Wilson appealed to the country for support in the Congressional elections knowing pretty well that his party would be rebuked, but planning to use defeat to rally the people to him and enable him to absorb Mexico on the one hand and assert world autocracy on the other. The dream was dissipated only when Wilson's health broke down. The key to it all is audacity, "sheer, shining, superb spirit." Wilson was "eternally conscious of the audacity of his mind. He was *daringly* different! He was the Amazing American Adventurer!" The author can hardly take it ill if critics see in his bizarre book something of the same quality.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Back to Superstition?

Lo! By Charles Fort. Claude Kendall. \$2.50.

AT first glance one is tempted to regard this book as a clever hoax in which Mr. Fort is having a good time with orthodox science without believing anything he himself puts forward. But a closer examination of the book, together with a reference to Mr. Fort's previous works, shows that we have to do here with somebody who is taking himself quite seriously—and who is taken even more seriously by a coterie of enthusiastic followers. In other words, Mr. Fort must be classed either as a genius or as a crank. Now a prosaic examination of his thesis will certainly not sustain the view that Mr. Fort's ideas will revolutionize our scientific conceptions about the universe; on the contrary, it will show how Mr. Fort is simply offering a new version of pre-scientific superstitions.

Mr. Fort has specialized for some twenty years in compiling records of unusual and incredible occurrences. The reports of these occurrences are taken partly from the daily press, partly from scientific periodicals. They vary widely in their authenticity. Some are doubtless hoaxes and hallucinations (as Mr. Fort disingenuously admits); others pertain to genuine occurrences in which a knowledge of the circumstances is incomplete and hence a scientific explanation necessarily conjectural; still others perhaps contain the secret of new relationships as yet uncharted in the scientific scheme. Mr. Fort cites them all without discrimination in order to bring out that science is prejudiced in its approach since it always tries to explain such reports or occurrences by invoking only known principles.

One class of facts which Mr. Fort particularly delights to cite is showers of frogs and fishes. The ordinary prosaic scientists would explain such showers by the operation of whirlwinds, but Mr. Fort thinks this is too timid an explanation. For him these frogs and fishes come from the firmament on high. Then there are the reputed coincidences between earthquakes, falls of meteors, and lights in the sky. Scientists, for lack of any known and verifiable connection, must perforce talk of coincidences. But that is too easy. One may as well, says Mr. Fort, talk of coincidence when children are born after marriage. Finally, there is the garden variety of facts that fill the psychical-research journals—transportation of objects without visible agency, vanishings and reappearances of persons, and the like.

On the basis of such facts Mr. Fort arrives at a blanket conclusion that the universe is an organism, and that all the unbelievable facts are to be explained by "functional teleportation." Functional teleportation is the principle by which the organism suddenly redistributes bodies according to the needs of the whole. Let Mr. Fort speak for himself:

In every organism there are, in its governance as a whole, mysterious transportations of substances and forces, sometimes in definite circulatory paths, and sometimes specially, for special needs. In the organic view, Teleportation is a distributive force that is acting to maintain the balances of a whole; with the seeming wastefulness sometimes, and niggardliness sometimes, of other forces; providing, or sometimes providing, new islands with vegetation, and new ponds with fishes: Edens with Adams, and Adams with Eves; always dwindling when other mechanisms became established, but surviving sporadically.

In order to make room for this higher wisdom, Mr. Fort finds it necessary to revise astronomy. The world, in the first place, is not so large as the astronomers tell us. In fact, a good expedition could get to the roof or ceiling of the world

without great effort. The earth is more or less motionless in the center, and the stars in heaven form a rotating, shell-like vault, exactly as our common-sense impressions tell us. The stars are not countless, nor are they at unbelievable distances from us. In most cases what are taken as stars are just the reflections of light upon the lands and lakes of the upper shell. When earthquakes occur, these lights in the sky are warnings of impending changes in the higher metabolism of the world organism—for in the organic view there are always warnings, portents, and revelations of cosmic purposes.

Such in bare outline is Mr. Fort's doctrine. As a revolutionary coup d'état upon science it falls completely flat because it seeks to restore the prescientific method of explaining phenomena through the operation of cosmic purposes and occult qualities. Mr. Fort pretends that there is a good deal of the philosophy of Spinoza in his doctrine, but if he had read the author of the "Ethics" a little more carefully he would have found an explicit condemnation of everything that he stands for. "The truth," wrote Spinoza, summing up the spirit of the new science, "would have remained hidden from the human kind for all eternity had not mathematics, which deals not with final causes, but with the essences and properties of figures, shown to man a new standard." It is characteristic of the mathematical form of truth and its physical corollary, the mechanical principle of explanation, that they make possible a science which is a progressive intellectual analysis of phenomena. On the biological basis, which Mr. Fort would restore, all that we have is a harmony of the whole, which turns out to be quite verbal in the present and which offers no hope of biting deeper into phenomena in the future.

One good purpose that Mr. Fort's book may serve—if it is read properly—is to bring out the deliberate, voluntary character of scientific method, as against the conventional idea that science merely transcribes naked experience. Most books on scientific method defeat their own purpose because they begin by seeing the universe in terms of the simplified, mechanical picture which it is precisely the function of science to construct. As a result, scientific method becomes an obvious, tautological affair, and the pupil gets the feeling, not that Galileo was a great man, but that the people before Galileo were diabolically blind because they could not see the obvious. By reading Mr. Fort's book one gets a vivid sense of what scientific method deliberately has to reject—the biological categories which are so spontaneous to the human mind and yet so misleading, the multitude of individual facts which strike the imagination and impede clear analysis. Mr. Fort's book really ought to be adopted in all the colleges as a textbook of "don't's" in scientific method.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A New Faust Translation

Faust. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by Alice Raphael. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

THE publication of a new translation of Goethe's "Faust," done in verse, is a real literary event. It means years of scholarly and poetical endeavor, first, to decide after listening to conflicting arguments what each word means and connotes, and then to find the best English equivalents, cast in approximately the same metrical mold and suggesting the same or a corresponding cultural picture. The new version of the First Part by Alice Raphael was announced recently by a brochure entitled "A Note on Faust Translations," by Carl F. Schreiber of Yale University. The "Note," and Mark Van Doren's Introduction, give welcome information on how this work came to have its present form. Large credit for scholarly advice and painstaking criticism is given to that rare Goethe

enthusiast and scholar, the late William A. Speck, the founder of the priceless Goethe collection in the Yale library. A labor of love and devotion, fifteen times revised under such supervision, could hardly fail to achieve distinction.

This translation seeks to turn Goethe's masterpiece into the poetic English of today, avoiding archaic and out-of-the-way words and constructions, and employing no metrical patterns that would strike the present generation of readers as distinctly exotic. As it is neither humanly nor divinely possible, as a general rule, to translate rhyme-words into rhyme-words, it shows good judgment not to let rhymes stick out like sore thumbs. Since the Anglo-Saxon element of the English language, the idiom of warm and deep feeling, is so poor in feminine rhymes, very few of these are employed by the translator. But they are not missed by the reader. Further, it was wise not to employ such pungent rhymes as Goethe often uses. It is always better to recreate the form with slightly diminished technical brilliancy than to distort the sense and put the chief stress upon words of minor importance in the original.

The general rhyme scheme is followed quite closely, with occasional variation from the order Goethe employed, but taking no more liberty in this respect than Goethe exercised. The language itself is clear and simple, in keeping with Goethe's practice, whose poetry is singularly free from bombast.

This sumptuously printed "Faust" deserves warm commendation. It appears as a fitting overture to the celebration next year throughout the world of the centenary of Goethe's death.

WILLIAM A. COOPER

Cosima's First Husband

Letters of Hans von Bülow. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Count du Moulin Eckart. Translated by Hannah Waller. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

THIS collection, correctly titled "Neue Briefe" in the original, is distinct from the seven volumes of letters which Bülow's widow published many years ago. The greater part of this fresh material had been in the possession of Bülow's eldest daughter, Frau Daniela Thode, in Italy. During the war the Italian government seized the Villa Carnaccio and placed it in the custody of Gabriele d'Annunzio. In 1921, with Daniela's sanction, Count Eckart undertook a diplomatic mission to d'Annunzio and obtained permission to take whatever letters he wished. Those presented here were written to Daniela, Richard Wagner, Cosima, Karl Klindworth, the pianist, Karl Bechstein, the pianoforte manufacturer, and Bülow's stepmother, Louise von Bülow.

Of Bülow's great interpretative artistry as pianist and conductor nothing remains outside the memories of those who heard him. To his bitter disappointment he was unable to compose music of lasting moment, but he could and did write letters which rank among the best from the pen of any musician. Spontaneous, witty, humorous, and frank, they reflect his temperament and character clearly. Musical subjects naturally occupy the foreground, but his frequent references to other matters reveal his keen judgments in politics, philosophy, painting, architecture, and literature.

In literary flair he surpassed many professional critics of his day. He found Baudelaire "most refreshing" in 1861, and he zealously elected Stendhal as "one of my favorite literary carnations." One finds him savoring the subtleties of Paul Bourget's "Essais de psychologie contemporaine," and the catholicity of his preferences encircled Goethe, Herder, Hugo, Calderon, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Gobineau, Hawthorne, and Alfieri. A polyglot in his reading, he wrote as fluently in French and Italian as in his native language.

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The most delightful letters are those to Daniela, in which the fondly admonitory tone of the early ones, adapted to her childhood state, is gradually replaced by an allusiveness indicative of their close mental sympathy. On the other hand, the most formal and punctilious (and at the same time the most moving under their dignity) are those to Cosima after their separation—pages that disclose the true spiritual stature of the man. As Count Eckart says, "a man who can write such letters is indeed truly great of soul."

Chronologically, the letters cover a period of thirty-eight years—from 1854, when Bülow was twenty-four, to 1892, two years before his death. To one who reads them discerningly they offer material for a well-rounded and just estimate of the man.

The translation is so deft and supple that one can take exception only to slight shades of meaning. For example, "our poor lonely great man" (Wagner) does not quite catch the spirit of "der arme grosse Einsame." One wishes that Mr. Scott Goddard's editing had been as sparing as his footnotes. "Having in mind the making of a manageable volume," he made many cuts in the text, in one case as much as seventy-two lines. Moreover, he omitted 110 letters entirely, with the result that the 712 pages of the original have been reduced to 434 in the translation.

RAY C. B. BROWN

Books in Brief

Gin and Bitters. By A. Riposte. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

The jacket on this book calls it "a novel about a novelist who writes novels about other novelists." The victim then would seem to be W. Somerset Maugham, who recently wrote "Cakes and Ale," which was a novel about two other novelists. Levenson Hurle bears so many superficial resemblances to Maugham—chief among them being the fact that he usually bases his fiction upon known lives, his own or others—that there can be no doubt about the direction of A. Riposte's animus. The only difference is that Hurle, unlike Maugham, is an insignificant author; and the only defect of the present work is that it loses all its force by being completely infantile in its anger. A trivial performance.

Civilizations of the East. Volume I. The Near and Middle East. By René Grousset. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

This is certainly one of the most impressive undertakings in recent publishing. M. Grousset is an official of the Guimet Museum in Paris, which is devoted entirely to Oriental civilizations. The present volume, the first of four, deals with Egyptian, Mesopotamian, Hittite, and Persian art in ancient times, and with the Islamic art of the later Arab and Persian civilizations. M. Grousset adds to the savant's virtues literary skill and a supple understanding of how art explains and is explained by the social and political features of a culture. The book is exceptionally well printed and bound and contains 313 illustrations in half-tone.

World Without End. By Helen Thomas. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Helen Thomas's "As It Was," published four years ago, carried the story of herself and her husband, Edward Thomas, as far as his last term at Oxford. "World Without End" continues it to the day of the poet's departure for Gallipoli, where he was killed. The present volume, reprinting "As It Was" along with the second narrative, gives the whole story, then, as Helen Thomas sees it. As a love story it is extraordinarily convincing and touching; the book as it stands may very well become one of the minor classics of our day.

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The Flame of Islam: The Later Crusades. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$4.

The faults of Mr. Lamb's first volume, "The Crusades: Iron Men and Saints," are exaggerated in his concluding volume. The very book titles indicate the faults. While Mr. Lamb is too conscientious a historian to romanticize the matter, he observes little restraint in the manner. This would be well if he were a natural stylist, which he is not. He interrupts his otherwise well-handled narrative with set passages of dull and irrelevant description. The romanticism edges over into his conception of character. Relieved of its verbiage the book would be an excellent account of the Christian attempts to recover Jerusalem from Islam by new crusades whose failures were chiefly due to their exploitation for political ends by kings and popes.

Films

Children for the Grown-ups

I HAVE always had great admiration for writers of children's books. It is, of course, possible that their knowledge of child psychology consists only of a few tricks which, as they have learned from experience, never fail to impress their young audience. And yet much more than this seems to be present in a book or a play that is really popular with children. This is, I presume, mainly the ability to see and interpret the world with that freshness and innocence of outlook that gives the quality of adventure to most of the child's experiences. It is here, too, that the mystery of the adult metempsychosis makes its entry. For an adult author to regain the innocence of childhood while thriving on the forbidden fruit of knowledge seems to be as marvelous a feat as that of the proverbial Russian virgin who knew how to combine innocence with the benefits of sin. Many a time, as I recalled my early delights with the little Brownies, I have regretfully had to admit to myself that I no longer found anything amusing about them. But it is scarcely possible that Miss Mulock, their gifted authoress, felt similarly indifferent in describing their triumphs and tribulations, for she would have failed to convey them to her readers if she had not seen them herself through a child's eyes.

The conclusion to which I am impelled by this fact is rather disconcerting to me. It would appear that nothing short of a revelation from above could open my eyes and my heart to a masterpiece of art that sends into ecstasies my fellow-humans of a less cynical age. This probably accounts for my utter failure to be amused by newspaper comic strips. I say "probably," because I am not at all sure that the strips are primarily intended for children. On the other hand, I have every reason to suspect that a book or a film dealing with children that appeals to me is most unlikely to make an equal impression on children.

Now, "Skippy" (Paramount), although based on a comic strip, is a thoroughly delightful film. Grown-up men like myself find it both droll and wistful. It has humor and pathos that make one feel like brooding over one's own memories of that blissful age. Moreover, its youthful actors bring to their parts a more than usual amount of convincing naturalness, and there is a similar absence of stage heroics in its simple plot. A reserve like this, which is so rarely encountered in the offerings from Hollywood, merits every praise and goes far to make the film a decidedly pleasant entertainment. But it is unmistakably an entertainment for the grown-ups. Most of its comedy is of the type in which the ingenuousness of the thing done or said is its only claim to being amusing. Its pathos,

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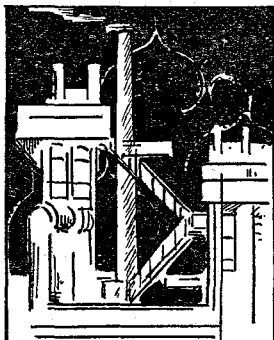
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too, seems to be a little oversentimentalized. And this brings me back to my initial problem: can the majority of us grown-up people ever see children as they really are? I am inclined to think that we cannot, although some of us may come perilously near to what is known as "juvenile mentality."

No particular subtlety of any sort will be found in "Dirigible" (Central), but the film has merits of a different kind, and these place it considerably above the Hollywood average. An aerial adventure involving the cracking up of a dirigible in mid-air, a flight in an airplane over the South Pole, and blood-curdling incidents on land provide the spectacle and drama that lie in the grand tradition of the movies, and it is to the credit of Mr. Capra, the director of the film, that he has made such an effective use of his material. The film cannot boast of the photographic excellence shown in some of the scenes in "Hell's Angels," but its story is visualized with convincing vividness, and is told intelligently.

A more imaginative, if humorous, treatment of aerial thrills is presented in "Birds of a Feather," a Walt Disney animated cartoon (last seen at the Cameo) showing a striking advance in the application of rhythmic movement to linear design. By comparison, the Soviet picture "Cities and Years," shown on the same program at the Cameo, is pretentious but unconvincing, despite some originality of treatment.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

A Play for Tom Mooney

IT is difficult to imagine what a person who had never heard of the Mooney case would think of "Precedent," a play at the Provincetown Theater which deals with this case under the thinnest of disguises. The author, I. J. Golden, a St. Louis lawyer, has for the most part been content with a mere change of names, Mooney becoming Delaney, Fickert becoming Riley, Oxman becoming Rossman, Older becoming Fremont, and so on. Otherwise he has rendered what I understand to be an unvarnished account of the case as he sees it and as all liberally disposed people have been seeing it for fifteen years. He has made his hero the victim of prejudice and plot, and he has made his villain, the district attorney, as black as villains can be made. But what would an outsider say? My guess is that he would find it all an improbable fiction—as life generally is, and as this particular set of events certainly is. He would call the play a melodrama; he would not know why it had been written; and he would have to conclude that it dealt with actions whose motives he could never expect to comprehend without a key. On the face of it, then, "Precedent" might be set down as incredible. Such things, it might be said, do not happen; only in a play could one man desire the death of another as Riley (Fickert) desires the death of Delaney (Mooney).

It is perhaps equally difficult to predict what effect "Precedent" will have upon those who are conservatively disposed—who either decline to believe that the war between capital and labor is as simple as this, and as simply enlists the service of the law on one of its two sides, or agree to overlook an occasional example of injustice in view of the protection which on the whole the present system assures them. Riley, they might admit, is a rascal, but let him be forgiven in that he is a district attorney. Of the man who would resemble and feel with Riley I do not speak, as I assume he never enters the theater except to get his mind off himself. Well, would "Precedent" convert a conservative? I doubt it. "Precedent" may be true

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in every essential detail, but to the unbeliever it must appear as biased as Bedlam, just as to the uninformed it must appear, as I have said, fantastic. That is how much good its truth will do it among the indifferent and the ill-disposed.

Among friends the case will of course be different. They are precisely the ones for whom the play was written; for them, believing as they do, the more truth the better. The audience I sat with on the opening night was already convinced. It came only to be moved. And it was very deeply moved. Mr. Golden knows how to write a propaganda play. He knows how to make it clear that he is writing a propaganda play, and how not to apologize for doing so in any line or gesture. The result, since the writing is intelligent and impassioned, and since the acting at the Provincetown is sincere and serious, is effective polemic. I, who was more than friendly but who had my doubts as to what sort of spectacle would offer itself for my sympathy, remained to be profoundly impressed. My only regret is that I cannot with any confidence of conversion recommend "Precedent" to those who believe Mooney guilty or to those who, if they are not sure of this, think he ought to remain in prison on general principles.

"Peter Ibbetson" as dramatized by John Raphael and as revised by Constance Collier has returned to the Shubert Theater with Dennis King playing the role once played by John Barrymore, and playing it in exactly the same way, walk, talk, and all. Since I am prejudiced against plays which exploit children and employ dreams, I cannot be expected to say much for "Peter Ibbetson." The recognition scene between Peter (Mr. King) and the Duchess of Towers (Jessie Royce Landis) was all that a recognition scene can be—and a third of my prejudices is that such scenes produce the most powerful moments possible on the stage. But after that moment the dreams came much too thick and fast. Particularly thick.

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Canada First

By JAMES BURNS

Ottawa, April 15

UNDER the leadership of Richard B. Bennett, Premier of Canada since August 7, 1930, the dominion is giving the world a demonstration of economic nationalism in an acute form, and the results so far are such as to justify the worst fears of those who opposed the Bennett formula for prosperity in the 1930 elections. In pursuance of a policy described by the slogan "Canada First," the Bennett Ministry has raised the Canadian tariff, closed the door to immigrants, and barred Russian imports. In spite of these salves to the country's economic wounds, business continues to be slow, farm prices do not improve, and unemployment is still widespread.

By birth and experience Mr. Bennett was well suited to lead a crusade under the banner of "Canada First," and to offer himself to the electors as the efficient architect of prosperity. He is descended on both sides from United Empire Loyalists, which is the Canadian equivalent of descent in the United States from signers of the Declaration of Independence, and is therefore "100 per cent Canadian." Born in humble circumstances, he has amassed, partly by his own efforts and partly by inheritance, one of the largest fortunes in the dominion. His associates are the most successful business and professional men in Canada.

By a "Canada First" program Mr. Bennett meant, to put it most briefly, a thoroughgoing upward revision of the tariff. He holds the extreme protectionist view that the dominion should import only what it cannot possibly grow or manufacture for itself, and he made it plain in his 1930 election speeches that no industry, primary or secondary, would ask his government for protection in vain. To sugar-coat the pill for sections of the country which tend to free-trade views, Mr. Bennett coupled with the promise of "adequate protection" a pledge to prevent the exploitation of consumers. He would do this, he said, by rescinding tariff increases if manufacturers took advantage of them to raise prices.

Almost the first act of Mr. Bennett on taking office was the abolition of the tariff advisory board which had been created by the Liberals in 1927 to study tariff questions and to hear representations from consumers and producers. At an emergency session of Parliament last September the Bennett Government raised duties on a wide range of goods, principally foods, textiles, metal products, and machinery. At the same session a bill was passed giving the Cabinet virtually supreme authority over the customs schedules. These may now be altered by executive action, without consultation of Parliament, and this dictatorial power has been employed several times to protect Canadian industries. Up to the present the beneficiaries of tariff changes have obeyed the warning against "exploitation," but no one can tell yet to what extent the official ban on price-raising has been, or will be, evaded by changes in the quality of goods. Further, it is a tenable view that manufacturers' prices would have come down in recent months had they not been held at the 1930 level by the emergency tariff.

The prize example of the Bennett Government's trade policy has been its stand-offish attitude toward commerce with Russia. Some time ago Colonel H. J. Mackie, a former Canadian M. P. who is now an unofficial Russian trade representative in the dominion, presented an offer from the Soviet Union to buy \$10,000,000 worth of Canadian farm implements if the dominion would take payment one-third in goods and the rest in gold. The Bennett Government rejected this proposal, and capped the rejection by placing an embargo on Russian lumber, pulp, pulpwood, coal, asbestos, and furs. A memorandum announcing the embargo declared in grandiloquent terms that Canada could have no truck or trade with Communists.

The "Canada First" idea has been expressed also in immigration policy. For a generation the dominion has held out a welcome sign to the land-hungry of many nations, but today the door is all but closed. Financial assistance formerly given to British settlers has been withdrawn. Drastic regulations now in force admit only British citizens (not including Asiatics), American citizens, farmers, and their wives and children. And all these must be in funds and free of any suspicion that they may become public charges, a rule so severely enforced that immigrants to Canada in 1931 are not expected to number 25,000. Since the war the annual influx has run from 100,000 to 150,000.

Using the weapons of tariffs and embargoes in the economic sphere, Mr. Bennett's Government has taken over without a qualm the political nationalism of the Liberals. Between 1921 and 1930, when the Liberal Party was in power in Canada, Premier Mackenzie King successfully asserted the "national status" of the dominion, brought home from the 1926 Imperial Conference the famous Balfour report describing Britain and the dominions as equal nations, and launched Canada on a diplomatic career by sending ministers to Washington, Paris, and Tokio. By Mr. King's critics these achievements were alternately belittled and decried as likely to disrupt the British Empire. In office Mr. Bennett has decided that no Canadian prime minister can safely take the line that Canada is less than a nation. At the 1930 Imperial Conference he assented to a report extending dominion sovereignty. At the same gathering he was anything but a meek colonial when he presented his demand that Great Britain tax foreign-food imports.

Thus Canadians are witnessing the rather extraordinary spectacle of the Tory Party, supposedly the guardian of the old imperial tradition, espousing a full-blown and even slightly blatant nationalism. Yet no one denies that Mr. Bennett's policies correspond exactly with his election pledges. In the 1930 campaign he preached "Canada First" from end to end of the dominion, gaining not only normal support in Conservative Ontario but sufficient backing in usually Liberal Quebec and the west to put him in office with an impregnable majority. Quebec was enormously attracted by the slogan. Western Canada, populated by free-trade farmers, proved willing to try anything once, and turned to Mr.

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Bennett in dismay at the failure of the Liberals to make really substantial reductions in the tariff.

Mr. Bennett has redeemed his election promises, but unfortunately for his prestige, the results he predicted have not so far appeared. He came into power in the midst of depression, and in flaming words undertook to set matters right, but the situation today is worse instead of better. The price of wheat, keystone of Canada's economic arch, was \$1.02 a bushel when the Bennett Government took office, and for some months past has hovered between 50 and 60 cents. There is acute distress on western farms. The employment index, based on 100 for average employment in 1926, fell from 118.8 on August 1 last to 100.7 on February 1 of this year, more than the normal seasonal decline. In January 16 per cent of trade unionists were out of work, and unem-

ployment and the poverty it brings would be more noticeable but for large programs of public works and relief which have sapped public treasuries. Internal and foreign trade have not picked up, and public revenues show such a decline that an increase in federal taxes cannot be avoided.

These are embarrassing facts for Mr. Bennett, and since he first met Parliament at a regular session on March 12 he has been subjected to a steady fire of criticism. The burden of it is that Canada, of all countries in the world, can least afford to attempt a policy of economic isolation, since Canada lives by exporting a food surplus. Lack of a profitable market for this surplus is the root of the country's economic troubles at the moment, and the question is how soon it will become clear to everyone that tariffs and embargoes can only aggravate the present distress.

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